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SAILING AWAY.

SAILING away with the wind abeam,
And the wide, wide sea before !
Sailing away in a lover's dream
To the port of the golden shore ;
Idle hands on the rudder bands,
Hope in the sunrise fair,
And hearts as light as the sea-bird white
Afloat in the morning air.

Love ! in the dawn of that far-off time,
Did you guess of the weary way ?
Dearest ! when life seemed a summer
rhyme,
Could we tell where we went astray ?
Silent tears through the coming years,
Darkness for you and me,
And doubt and dread of the wilds ahead
Fell chill as we sailed a-sea.

Sailing ashore with a waning wind
On the glass of a dreaming tide,
Leaving the dark of the deep behind
For the light of the other side ;
Loosen hands from the rudder bands !
Ah ! to the margin foam
Comes breath of land o'er the golden sand
Oh ! sweet is our welcome home !
Chambers' Journal. WM. WOODWARD.

TO MIRANDA, WHO SLEEPS.

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well !
THE dawning light hath set the world
astir
With chirp and warble of birds, and
faery whirr
Of winglets, quivering in the broken spell
That sleep had laid on nature ; strange to
tell,
Miranda sleepeth yet ; strange, for it
were
A wonder if the delicate ear of her
Knew not this multitudinous matin-bell.
Yet sleeps Miranda still ! What was to
meet
In dreamland, what, or whom, for thee
to lie
Unmindful of the glory of earth and sky,
With little quiet hands and quiet feet ?
And still thou sleepest, and thy sleep is
sweet, —
Dear heart, I would not waken thee,
not I.
Athensæum. E. H. HICKEY.

EVERLASTING SUMMER.

It needs not-woods with violets paved.
Nor roses in the lane,
Nor lilies by cool waters laved,
Nor gorses on the plain,
Nor song of birds in bush and brake,
Nor rippling wavelets' chime,
Nor blue and cloudless skies, to make
For me the summer time.

My lady's cheeks twin roses are,
That bloom the whole year round ;
My lady's throat is whiter far
Than whitest lily found ;
When thick and fast fell hail and sleet,
The blue of summer skies
I find whene'er my glances meet
My lady's azure eyes.

When blackbirds' notes shake not the dew
From lilac blooms away —
When larks sing not in heaven's blue
At dawning of the day —
When orioles no more rejoice
High in the chestnut-tree —
My lady's sweet and joyous voice
Brings summer back for me.

Chambers' Journal.

TO BEAUTY.

This is that lady Beauty.
D. G. ROSSETTI.

FORGIVE me that, by sordid cares com-
pelled,
And witless wisdom of the worldly-wise,
My truant soul her gaze awhile withheld
From those transcendent eyes.
Forgive me that I ceased to follow thee,
And turned aside into the dusty way,
For oh, my heart, my heart was never free,
Queen Beauty, from thy sway !

When most I seemed to shrink from thy
embrace,
Then most I hungered, thirsted with de-
sire ;
When at thy beckoning smile I hid my face,
My heart was all on fire.
I only fled because the love I bore
Whispered, Go hence ; it may be, thou
shalt earn
The grace to dwell with her forevermore,
When, soon, thou shalt return.

C. J. WHITBY.

From The Quarterly Review.
ERASMUS.¹

THE name of Desiderius Erasmus is certainly one of the most considerable in the literary annals of Europe. There have been, perhaps, only two other men of letters, during the Christian era, whose influence can be paralleled with his: two who, like him, lived and worked in periods of transition; who, like him, furnish in their writings, and especially in their correspondence, the most vivid image of their time; who, like him, with small prescience of the destined course of events, were singularly potent instruments in moulding the minds of the generations to come after them. It was the function of St. Augustine to sum up in himself the chief characteristics of the vast spiritual and intellectual changes that accompanied the dissolution of the Roman Empire. He it was more than any one else, who impressed upon public and private life that ecclesiastical form which it was to wear until the Middle Ages had run their course. In Voltaire we have the living embodiment of the spirit of doubt and denial which sapped the foundations whereon European society rested in his age. He was the chief prophet of that vast Revolution which he did not live to see, which he did not anticipate: a revolution which has made all things new for us in this nineteenth century. Erasmus may be regarded as "the representative man" — to use Emerson's word — of the Revival of Letters in its non-Italian phase. "The whole literary and religious Re-

naissance of western Europe in the sixteenth century converged towards him."² From all parts men turned to him to interpret for them ideas, sentiments, desires of which they were dimly conscious, but which they could not formulate; to guide them in their exodus from the outworn mediæval order to an ampler stage of civilization. We too may, with advantage, turn to him for light upon that astonishing epoch, so pregnant with instruction — if history be indeed philosophy teaching by experience — for us in our own changeable times. M. Emile Amiel truly remarks, "Même aujourd'hui, malgré les travaux parus, et Dieu sait si le nombre'en est grand, le dernier mot n'a pas été dit sur Erasme." We are far from supposing that we shall say that last word in this article. But we hope to say something which shall present at least the outlines of the true character and work of this man of light and leading, so long obscured by religious passion and theological prejudice.

The recent Erasmian literature is somewhat extensive. We have selected from it seven works enumerated at the head of this article, which, for various reasons, appear specially deserving of notice. It will be well, perhaps, if, by way of introduction to what we are about to write, we make a few remarks concerning each of them. Regarding the sketch of Erasmus which fills the first of M. Nisard's fascinating volumes, it is hardly necessary, indeed, that we should say anything. The singular value of this admirable bit of work was at once recognized by all competent judges when it originally appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1836. And M. Nisard has had the well-merited satisfaction of telling us in the preface to the last edition, that the works which have appeared on the subject, since he wrote, have served to corroborate the general correctness of his judgments. The longer study which we owe to the labor of M. Feugère appears to have been designed, in

¹ 1. Erasme, Précurseur et Initiateur de l'esprit moderne. Par H. Durand de Laur. Paris, 1872.

² 2. Erasme, Etude sur sa Vie et ses Ouvrages. Par Gaston Feugère. Paris, 1874.

3. Renaissance et Réforme. Par D. Nisard, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1877.

4. Erasme en Italie. Par Pierre de Nolhac. Paris, 1888.

5. Un Libre-Penseur du XVI^e Siècle: Erasme. Par Emile Amiel. Paris, 1889.

6. Erasmus. The Rede Lecture delivered in the Senate-House on June 11, 1890, by R. C. Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. Cambridge, 1890.

7. Life and Letters of Erasmus. Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1893-4, by J. A. Froude, Regius Professor of Modern History. London, 1894.

² Nisard, Renaissance et Réforme, vol. 1., p. 140.

some sort, as a supplement and corollary to M. Nisard's brilliant essay. Nothing can be more excellent than the spirit in which this accomplished scholar addressed himself to his task: "Se replacer directement devant Erasme, tirer de sa correspondance un tableau fidèle de sa vie, essayer une classification critique de ses ouvrages, en recueillir la fleur, pour les faire mieux connaître et goûter." M. Feugère has, of course, his own philosophical and religious opinions. He does not conceal them, although he does not obtrude them. But sincerity, good faith, and tolerance are written on every page of his work, which well merits the "coronation" it received from the French Academy. M. Durand de Laur, in his two large volumes, follows the same lines as M. Feugère, not less conscientiously, if with less literary ability. "Pour connaître Erasme," the author tells us, "nous l'avons interrogé: pour le faire connaître nous l'avons laissé parler lui-même, nous écoutant le plus possible." The vast amount of material which M. Durand de Laur has brought together is carefully and impartially selected, and is skilfully and commodiously arranged. M. Aniel's small book contains many excellent reflections, and is particularly happy in repelling certain unjust criticisms into which Adolph Müller, notwithstanding his learning and industry, was betrayed by regarding Erasmus from the narrow standpoint of German pietism. But M. Aniel himself is by no means free from prejudices and prepossessions of another — an antipietistic — kind. Indeed, the very title of his volume, "*Un Libre-Penseur du XVI^me Siècle*," is sufficient to raise a presumption against it. Erasmus is not a man who can be thus ticketed and disposed of. It is only just to say, however, that the work is better than its title leads us to expect. But, assuredly, M. Aniel imagines a vain thing when he supposes that the object of Erasmus's religious faith was the "*Dieu des bonnes gens*" invoked by Béranger, or the shadowy deity of Rousseau's Savoyard vicar.

M. de Nolhac's *brochure* is especially valuable as throwing fresh light on the two years which Erasmus spent in Italy — years which, as we shall hereafter have occasion to observe, were of especial importance in his intellectual development.

To a Cambridge scholar, worthily sustaining the traditions of Bentley and Porson in his university, we are indebted for an admirable monograph on the great humanist who, for a brief period, was numbered among its professors. To say that Dr. Jebb's Rede lecture is worthy both of its author and of its subject is to pay it the highest tribute which we can bestow. Of the last volume which proceeded from the accomplished pen of the late Regius professor of modern history at Oxford, we must speak much less favorably. There are few writers of this age who have exhibited greater literary power than the late Mr. Froude; there are fewer who have made proof of worse judgment, or of more defective scholarship. These lectures on Erasmus have all the merits and all the demerits of their author's other works. His descriptions are most happy. His portraits are most life-like. His summaries are most brilliant. He abounds in sage sayings, in racy reflections, in caustic criticisms. But of that judicial mind, that breadth of view, that philosophic moderation, which are essential characteristics of a great historian, his pages present no trace. He is everywhere an advocate. It was part of his excellent design to illustrate his theme with extracts from the letters of Erasmus. And as these are much too long for full quotation in his lectures, he very properly set himself to abridge, compress, and epitomize them. The result is pre-eminently readable. Nowhere has Mr. Froude more felicitously displayed his rare literary skill. But nowhere has he more infelicitously displayed the inaccuracy, happily no less rare in other historians, which was his besetting sin. The meaning of the Latin is constantly missed. Qualifying words are ignored. Sometimes things are attributed to Erasmus directly op-

posite to what he really wrote ; sometimes things of which the original presents no trace at all. It is never safe to assume that Erasmus says what Mr. Froude attributes to him. Mr. Froude observes in his preface : " My object has been rather to lead historical students to a study of Erasmus's own writings than to provide an abbreviated substitute for them." We strongly advise historical students to follow the course thus recommended to them by the late professor ; and in order to enforce the advice we shall from time to time indicate by instances that come in our way how untrustworthy his " abbreviated substitute " is. It must not be supposed, however, that these are selected specimens of Mr. Froude's mistakes. They are merely casual samples of his errors,—" thick as dust in vacant chambers," we may say, for there is scarcely a page free from them.

And now, making special use of these seven works, while not neglecting other Erasmusian literature, and ever keeping before us the text of Erasmus himself,¹ we will proceed with the task we have undertaken. But first let us survey briefly the age into which Erasmus was born. Undoubtedly he did much to mould his age ; as undoubtedly his age did much to mould him. A man's work is done in his time ; and, to understand it and him, we must correctly apprehend and appreciate the conditions of his time. The word Renaissance serves to characterize the age of Erasmus as accurately, perhaps, as any one word can. No doubt that word long implied generally, and still implies for many, all the prejudice which so long hung over the mediæval period ; a blindness to its real greatness, an ignorance of the vast part which it has played in the ethical and intellectual evolution of humanity. Again, in Italy, the Renaissance practically was, to a large extent, a rebirth of pagan idolatry and sensuality ; and we much regret that the late Mr. J. A. Symonds should have done so much

to identify this partial aspect of it with the whole. Nor can we wonder that the ill-judged enthusiasm of this accomplished writer should have produced in some minds—and those by no means inconsiderable minds—a reaction against a movement in whose history he labored so abundantly. But certain it is that whatever the world lost by the Renaissance—and no gain in the history of our race is unmixed gain—we owe to it that re-awakened interest in the sources of our moral and intellectual life which has so vastly enlarged our mental horizon ; we owe to it a true appreciation of the spiritual unity of Western civilization. It was the resurrection not merely of the classical spirit, for good and for evil ; it was also—we may say it was still more—the resurrection of Christian antiquity ; an appeal from the degenerate disciples of Aquinas and Scotus to Christ and his apostles, to the martyrs and doctors of the primitive Church. Again, the movement was not of sudden incidence. No great movement in the world's history ever is. Even at the end of the thirteenth century the mediæval order shows signs of exhaustion. From the middle of the fourteenth we may date the beginning of the new era unto which Europe was hastening. Society becomes less and less ecclesiastical. The ideas and principles which had given to the previous centuries their simple and severe greatness, lose vivifying influence. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio have been called, not unjustly, the precursors of the fifteenth-century *Aufklärung*. A revived interest in antiquity penetrates their writings, like the breath of spring. In them, as in painters like Botticelli, in sculptors like Donatello, we may trace the tokens of the great change even then being wrought in man himself. The effect of the fall of Constantinople in quickening the new movement into full life, may, perhaps, have been overrated. Still we shall not greatly err, if, with Mr. Symonds, we take the seventy-four years between that event and the sack of Rome (1453–1527) as indicating the

¹ We use the Leyden edition (1703–1706) in ten folio volumes.

narrow space of time in which the Renaissance culminated. Within that space the greater part of the life of Erasmus falls. Scholasticism, feudalism, and the religious unity of Europe still existed when he was born in 1467. They had passed away when he died in 1536. His lot was cast in that interregnum between the old order and the new, the chief characteristic of which was, as Mill has happily expressed it, "a great breaking loose of the human mind." "Picture to yourself," says M. Nisard — in an admirably descriptive passage which we must give in his own fascinating French, for no translation could do it justice — "picture to yourself

cette Europe de la fin du XV^e siècle et des premières années du XVI^e, labourée par la guerre, décimée par la peste, où toutes les nationalités de l'Europe intermédiaire s'agitent et cherchent leur assiette sous l'unité apparente de la monarchie universelle de l'Espagne; où l'on voit d'un même coup d'œil des querelles religieuses et des batailles, une mêlée inouïe des hommes et des choses, une religion naissante en lutte de violence avec la religion établie, l'ignorance de l'Europe occidentale se débattant contre la lumière de l'Italie; l'antiquité qui sort de son tombeau, les langues mortes qui renaissent, la grande tradition littéraire qui vient rendre le sens des choses de l'esprit à des intelligences perverties par les raffinements de la dialectique religieuse; du fracas partout, du silence nulle part; les hommes vivant comme des pèlerins, et cherchant leur patrie çà et là, le baton de voyage à la main; une république littéraire et chrétienne de tous les esprits élevés, réunis par la langue latine, cette langue qui faisait encore toutes les grandes affaires de l'Europe à cette époque; d'épouvantables barbaries à côté d'une précoce éléance des mœurs; une immense mêlée militaire, religieuse, philosophique, monacale; enfin — car j'ai hâte de quitter cette prétention à resumer une époque dont Dieu seul a le sens — aucun lieu tranquille, nulle solitude en Europe où un homme pût se recueillir et se sentir vivre. (P. 44.)

Such is the abstract and brief chronicle of the time of Erasmus. His career in it seems to fall into four well-marked divisions, which we may term respectively the spring, summer, au-

turn, and winter of his intellectual life. The first extends from his birth in 1467 to his visit to England in 1497 or 1498, — a protracted and inclement spring. In these thirty years of unremitting toil and unbroken trouble was sown the seed of light which was to bloom so luxuriantly in the second period, closing with his return from Italy in 1509. In the next ten years we see him gathering in the fruit of his labors, reaping an abundant harvest of fame and influence throughout Europe. From 1520, when Luther's revolt opens a new chapter in the world's religious history, he falls gradually into "the sere, the yellow leaf." It is a time of blighted hopes, of decaying influence, of withered reputation; and the winter of his discontent — if we may borrow another phrase from Shakespeare — grows sadder and gloomier until his death in 1536.

Erasmus's start in life was marred by "his birth's invidious bar." The romantic story of Gerhard de Praet and Margaret Brandt is tolerably well known, and supplied a theme for the pen of a versatile novelist, in a work which is still popular, "The Cloister and the Hearth." Mr. Charles Reade, however, possibly out of consideration for the feelings of the British public, thought well to represent these lovers as secretly married. And Mr. Froude, whose motive we cannot even conjecture, hints that they perhaps were so. As a matter of fact, however, there is no ground for disbelieving the story current from the time of Erasmus to our own, that the union of his parents was not hallowed by matrimony and that he was the illegitimate fruit of it. His father was a man of good reputation and of unusual ability; a fair Latin and Greek scholar, and well versed in jurisprudence. His mother, save for her one fault, was "of honest manners and of edifying life." They had wished to marry. The obstacle was that Gerhard's parents, anxious that he should enter the ecclesiastical state, refused their consent. Gerhard, therefore, Erasmus tells us, "Did as desperate people are wont to do, and

secretly ran away" ("fecit quod solent desperati, clam aufugit"). He betook himself to Rome, and there earned his living by copying manuscripts, an occupation in which he was extremely skilled ("manu felicissima"). Soon his parents, wishing to put Margaret altogether out of his head, sent him a false story of her death. In despair he took priest's orders. On returning to Holland, he discovered the deceit that had been practised upon him. But he remained faithful to the sacred vows he had undertaken, and did not renew his former relations with her—"nec ille unquam tetigit eam." The child who had been born in his absence received his name of Gerhard, which means "beloved." "Desiderius," Professor Jebb remarks, "is barbarous Latin for that, and Erasmus is barbarous Greek for it. . . . The combination, Desiderius Erasmus, is probably due to the fact that he had been known as Gerhard Gerhardson. It was a singular fortune for a master of literary style to be designated by two words, which both mean the same thing, and are both incorrect."

Gerhard and Margaret devoted themselves to the education of their boys—the usual account is that they had an elder son, Peter; and when Erasmus was four years old, he was put to school at Gouda, whence he was shortly sent to Utrecht, with a view to his becoming a chorister in the cathedral there. But, having no voice, he was removed at nine to Deventer, where among his schoolfellows was Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards pope under the title of Adrian VI. The Deventer school was unusually good for those days—Hegius of Westphalia, a Hellenist of some pretensions, was at the head of it—and here Erasmus learnt much Latin, the elements of Greek, some logic, and a smattering of physics. Here, too, his brilliant gifts attracted attention, and the famous Rudolph Agricola predicted his future eminence. Horace and Terence were his favorite authors, and he is said to have known both by heart. After he had been at Deventer three years, his

mother, who had taken up her abode there to supervise his education, died of the plague. His father never recovered from the shock of her death, and soon followed her to the grave. And thus at the age of thirteen Erasmus was left an orphan. He inherited from his mother great delicacy of physical constitution and an extreme sensitiveness; from his father a keen intellect, an ardor for learning, a ready wit, and a pecuniary provision which might have sufficed to provide him with the best education then attainable.

Of the guardians to whom the care of Erasmus had been entrusted by his father's will, one soon died of the plague, and the other two, partly from superstition, partly from fraudulent motives, as it would seem, were bent upon making him embrace the monastic state. "The boy loathed the idea: he knew his father's story; and now it seemed as if the same shadow was to fall on his life also." However, his guardians sent him to a house of Collationary Fathers at Hertogenbosch, where, as he tells us, he lost three years of his life. It was the business of these ecclesiastics to prepare youths for the religious orders, and their chief care ("præcipuum studium") was, according to Erasmus, "if they saw any youth of unusually high spirit and quick disposition ('indole generosiore et alacriore'), to subdue and humble him by means of blows, threats, scoldings, and other devices which they called 'breaking in,' and thus to fit him for the monastic life." The only effect of this treatment upon Erasmus was to increase his disinclination for a state to which he felt he was not called. But his guardians insisted. He fell ill of a fever. An old Deventer school friend appeared on the scene extolling the advantages of the monastic institute; its piety, its leisure, its opportunities for study, its freedom from worldly cares. At last Erasmus, exhausted, physically and mentally, gave in, and entered as a novice the house of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine at Stein. He was then eighteen. In 1486 he made his solemn

profession, most unwillingly, and received the religious habit.

Erasmus remained at Stein for five miserable years. The life there was altogether unsuited to him. The daily round of the monastic rule he found irksome and unedifying. His fragile health—"valetudo plus quam vitrea" is his account of it—was unequal to the observance of fasting and abstinence. Fish was as poison to him; even the smell of it made him ill. A bad sleeper, he was often unable to obtain further repose after once rising for the night offices; and perpetual insomnia preyed upon his health and spirits. His reason and religion were both shocked by the much greater attention given to external practices of devotion than to spirituality of mind, or even to the elementary moralities of life. The classical and patristic studies to which, from earliest boyhood, he had been ardently devoted, were viewed with suspicion and dislike. He had to pursue them, as best he could, at odd times during the day, or in his enforced vigils at night. His experience of the monks was not favorable. Stupid, ignorant, given to gluttony and wine-bibbing, nay, in some cases, disregarding of their vow of chastity, and disposed to bully any one who preferred books to the table—such is in substance his account of the monastic brethren in general. Two of these, however, were of a different temperament: William Hermann, who shared his studies, and Servatius, who afterwards became prior of the convent. In a letter written to Servatius, when holding that office more than a quarter of a century later, he gives a singularly vivid account of his conventual life, dwells upon his utter unfitness for it, and bewails his having been kidnapped into it as an irreparable misfortune.

Of the studies which Erasmus pursued while at Stein, we have no detailed account; but certain it is that they were unrenitting, and procured for him a well-merited reputation as an excellent Latin scholar. His fame reached the ears of the Bishop of Cambrai, who wanted a secretary, and

offered him the post. He gladly accepted the offer, and, having obtained from his prior and the general of his order leave of absence, quitted his monastery never to return to it. This was in 1491. Erasmus remained with the bishop for five years, and during that time received priest's orders. Then this prelate sent him to pursue his studies at the University of Paris, especially famous for its theological school, and obtained for him a bursar at Montaigu College. Here he fared almost as badly as at Stein. The place was insanitary and insalubrious; the diet was meagre and unwholesome. Decadent scholasticism was the theology taught; "*parietes ipsi mentem habent theologicam*," Erasmus wrote thirty years afterwards in his Colloquy *ἸΧΘΥΟΦΑΓΙΑ*: the very walls stank of it. The theologians, or theologasters—such is his contemptuous term for them—he describes as endowed with "the most rotten brains, the most barbarous tongues, the most stupid intellects, the most unfruitful learning, the coarsest manners, the spitefullest tongues, the blackest hearts." He left the place after twelve months' trial, bringing away from it—as he affirms in the same Colloquy—nothing but a body full of infection and a very large supply of vermin. He went back to Cambrai ill. After a short stay in Holland, he returned to Paris, and lived in a modest chamber, supporting himself by tuition and devoting all his spare time to the study of Greek. His reputation for scholarship must have been already considerable. He made acquaintance with eminent men of letters, among them being Publio Fausto Andrelini, the poet-laureate of the French king. And he appears to have had as many pupils as he could instruct. Two of them were young Englishmen of noble families: Thomas Grey, uncle of the Lady Jane who was subsequently to obtain such tragic fame in English history; and William Blunt, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, who became one of his most devoted and most trusted friends, and who invited him to England. He accepted the in-

vation, and paid his first visit to this country either at the end of 1497 or the beginning of 1498.

Erasmus was now thirty-one. By unremitting toil, through evil report and through good report; by unswerving fidelity to that ideal of "good learning"—*bonæ literæ*—which, we may say, he had ever had before him since, as a child of four, he began his studies at Gouda; by that "strong patience which outwearies fate," he had at last made good his footing in the world of literature. His long apprenticeship was served. He was recognized as a master of his craft, although he had, as yet, published nothing. Before we accompany him to England, where the second stage in his career—as we are considering it—opens, let us pause for a moment, and put before our readers an admirable page in which Professor Jebb has vividly sketched the outward characteristics of the man:

Erasmus was a rather small man, slight, but well-built; he had, as became a Teuton, blue eyes, yellowish or light brown hair, and a fair complexion. The face is a remarkable one. It has two chief characteristics—quiet, watchful sagacity, and humor, half playful, half sarcastic. The eyes are calm, critical, steadily observant, with a half-latent twinkle in them; the nose is straight, rather long, and pointed; the rippling curves of the large mouth indicate a certain energetic vivacity of temperament and tenacity of purpose; while the pose of the head suggests vigilant caution, almost timidity. As we continue to study the features, they speak more and more clearly of insight and refinement; of a worldly yet very gentle shrewdness; of cheerful self-mastery; and of a mind which has its weapons ready at every instant. But there is no suggestion of enthusiasm, unless it be the literary enthusiasm of a student. It is difficult to imagine those cool eyes kindled by any glow of passion, or that genial serenity broken by a spiritual struggle. This man, we feel, would be an intellectual champion of truth and reason; his wit might be as the spear of Ithuriel, and his satire as the sword of Gideon; but he has not the face of a hero or a martyr. (P. 5.)

The first visit of Erasmus to En-

gland was a turning point in his life. It marks, to use a phrase of Cardinal Newman's, his coming out of his shell. His reputation had preceded him; and through Lord Mountjoy's introduction he was received with open arms by some of the noblest and best in this country. It was then that he made the acquaintance of More, Colet, Fisher, and Warham, who continued to their deaths his most devoted friends, and of whom he has left us such admirable portraits in his letters. In the spring of 1498 he went down to Oxford, where he found congenial society in the little group of Hellenists "intent on high designs, a thoughtful band," who were the pioneers of the new learning in this country. It must be remembered that both intellectually and religiously Europe then formed one vast republic; and the Latin language, which Erasmus spoke with singular ease and grace, was the common tongue of both religion and literature. The development of modern dialects, the consolidation of modern states, and above all the disappearance of ecclesiastical unity, have long destroyed that old cosmopolitanism. But in the time of Erasmus it still survived. An educated man was everywhere at home. Erasmus was charmed with his new friends and his new surroundings. Sunshine had at last come into his life. He writes to Mountjoy, "I cannot express how delightful I find this England of yours. . . . I have got rid of all that weariness (*tedium*) from which you used to see me suffer;" to Colet, "Your England is most pleasant to me, for many reasons, and chiefly because it possesses so many men well skilled in sound learning;" to Robert Fisher, "England pleases me as no other land has yet pleased me; the climate I find most agreeable and healthy, and I have come upon so much accurate and elegant scholarship, both Greek and Latin, that I hardly care now to go to Italy, except for the sake of seeing the country;" to Andrelini, that he is becoming quite a man of the world, a fair horseman, and a tolerable courtier, knowing how to

bow gracefully and to smile affably, even when he feels least inclined. While at Oxford Erasmus lived with the learned and pious Richard Charnock, prior of a house of his own order there. Among the distinguished Greek scholars then adorning the university were Grocyn, whom he describes as "master of the whole domain of knowledge;" Linacre, the famous physician, a man of "acute, elevated, and accomplished intellect;" and William Latimer, whose "most attractive purity of mind and more than virginal modesty" were united to profound erudition.

In December, 1499, Erasmus quitted England and went back to Paris. There he fixed his headquarters during the next five or six years, being however frequently absent in search of books or manuscripts, or on visits to friends. Nothing is more astonishing than the amount of travelling that people accomplished in those days of difficult communication, squalid inns, and debased coinage. Somewhere about 1502 he appears to have been at Louvain, following the theological course of Adrian of Utrecht, who vainly endeavored to keep him in that university. In 1504 he was entrusted with the duty of delivering at Brussels a Latin oration in honor of the return of Prince Philip from Spain, for which he received fifty pieces of gold. The prince offered him some official position; but he refused. He was not disposed to sell his birthright of independence—so hardly vindicated—for any mess of pottage, however savory. "*Malo servire nulli et prodesse, si queam, omnibus*," he writes in one of his letters; and this represents his feeling throughout his life. His only fixed source of income at this time seems to have been a pension of a hundred crowns which had been settled on him by Lord Mountjoy, and which, unlike most of the pensions that he afterwards received, was regularly paid. In 1500 he published the first edition of his "*Adages*," dedicating it to this generous patron, and prefixing to it some verses in eulogy of the Prince of Wales—afterwards Henry

VIII.—to whom he had been presented during his visit to England. This book, which at once obtained for him a European reputation, was ever his favorite among his works. It is a collection of proverbial sayings from Greek and Latin authors, with comments of his own, always interesting, often amusing, not seldom pungent. Budæus used to call it "*logotheca Minervæ*," and M. Amiel happily describes it as "a prodigious monument of patience and knowledge which only a scholar of the Renaissance epoch could undertake." Mr. Froude well observes:—

[This] work was . . . the beginning of his world-wide fame. . . . Light literature was not common in those days. The "*Adagia*" was a splendid success. Copies were sold in thousands, and helped a little to fill the emptied purse again. Light, good-humored wit is sure of an audience, none the less for the crack of the lash, now heard for the first time, over the devoted heads of ecclesiastics and ecclesiasticism. It was mild compared with what was to follow, but the skins of the unreverend hierarchy were tender, and quivered at the touch. . . . The divines at Paris screamed. The divines at Cologne affected contempt. . . . But, rage or sneer as they would, they had to feel that there was a new man among them, with whom they would have to reckon. From all the best, from Erasmus's English friends especially, the "*Adagia*" had an enthusiastic welcome. Warham, who was soon to be Archbishop of Canterbury, was so delighted with it that he took his own copy with him wherever he went, and now, though he had met the author of the "*Adagia*" in England, perceived his real value for the first time. He sent him money. He offered him a benefice if he would return, and was profuse in his praises and admiration. (P. 47.)

In 1502 Erasmus published another work which much increased his reputation, the "*Enchiridion Militis Christiani*," or "*Christian Soldier's Manual*." Mr. Froude calls it "the finest of Erasmus's minor compositions," a judgment so surprising as to induce a doubt whether Mr. Froude can have really read it. Certainly most men of letters would agree with M. Feugère's account

of it: "livre assez froid et composé de treize chapitres peu liés entre eux." To understand the enormous success of a work possessing such small intrinsic merit, if judged by the standard of these days, we must recall the conditions of the time in which it appeared. The old fervent faith which was at the root of the greatness of the Middle Ages, had grown cold. Theology, so fruitful in the pages of Thomas Aquinas and Buonaventura, had degenerated into the sterile strifes of decadent scholasticism. Devotion had largely sunk into a mechanical round of external observances. The "Enchiridion" vindicated the claim of Christianity to be *rationale obsequium*, "a reasonable service." It is not easy for us to realize the large place which the monks then held in European society. It is still harder for us to determine the degree and extent of their degeneracy. The subject is too vast for discussion here. We may, however, be allowed to point out that while no one competent to appreciate evidence would give credence to the uncorroborated assertions of such persons as Henry VIII.'s "visitors," or Parliamentary draughtsmen, Erasmus is a witness whose personal testimony is entitled to much weight. No doubt it must be received with caution—must be "discounted," if we may so speak. His dislike of the monks is as intelligible as it is manifest. They had blighted his life. They did their best to blight the cause for which he chiefly lived. Unquestionably, he is hard upon them; bitter, ironical, abusive—sometimes unjust. But when all due deductions have been made for his hostile prepossessions and satirical exaggerations, there is a great deal left. Take, for example, the famous letter to Grunnius, which was intended to be read, and which was read, to Leo X. As Mr. Froude truly observes, "The account which he gives [there] of monastic profligacy he gives deliberately as his own, and he speaks of it as too well known to the pope to need further proof." The pontiff granted the request made in this letter; and, so far as appears from

the reply of Grunnius to Erasmus, took no exception to its statements. It must be remembered that Sir Thomas More's opinion of contemporary monasticism does not seem to have been perceptibly higher than Erasmus's.

The opening years of the sixteenth century were largely devoted by Erasmus to the study of Greek, a study then pursued amid great difficulties. It is not, indeed, correct to say, as M. Amiel says, "pas de secours, ni lexiques, ni grammaires," or as Mr. Froude says, "No grammars or dictionaries were within reach." At least eight Greek lexicons and as many Greek primers appeared before the end of the fifteenth century, and they were well within reach of students in every European country. Teachers too were to be had, but they were costly and bad, so costly and so bad that Erasmus dispensed with them altogether, and, like Budæus, became his own instructor. He worked with an ardor fully meriting his success, and attained to such a mastery over the language that, as Professor Jebb writes, "No one in Europe, at that time, unless it were Budæus, could have written [it] better." It is well to remember, however, that for Erasmus language was a means, not an end. He was not a scholar of the type of Scaliger, of Casaubon, of Bentley, of Porson, of Heyne, of Orelli. He felt in his innermost being "all the charm of all the Muses," and, like Virgil, he might have called himself their priest. To vindicate the claims, to diffuse the knowledge, to extend the influence—the civilizing, the humanizing influence—of "good letters," was the aim of his life. And from the first he believed that there were two great obstacles to this educational work: the hostility of the monks, intolerant of the light shed by the new learning upon their ignorance and superstition; and the bigotry of the theologians who, jealous for the decadent and moribund scholasticism with which they had been indoctrinated, denounced that learning as heretical. Erasmus felt that, in order to deal effectively with these adversaries,

he must obtain a recognized — nay, so to speak, an official — position.

There are two things [he wrote to the Marchioness of Vere] which I have long felt to be absolutely necessary for this : one is that I should visit Italy, in order that the renown of that country may invest my poor learning with some little authority ; the other that I should take my doctor's degree. Both things are really absurd. "Non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt," as Horace tells us, nor will "the shadow of a great name" make me one whit the more learned. But we must comply with the humor of these times, when no one is accounted learned — I do not say by the common people, but by those who are the recognized chiefs of learning — unless he is styled "magister noster;" and that, too, in spite of the prohibition of Christ.¹

These words were written in 1500. It was not until six years later, that the opportunity of fulfilling his long-cherished aspiration of visiting Italy presented itself to Erasmus. Towards the end of 1505 he came to England for a second time,² and stayed some six

months, in the course of which he went to Cambridge, where he delivered a few lectures on Greek, and received the degree of B.D. The greater part of the time he now spent in England was passed in the society of More and Grocyn. He saw also much of Warham, — now appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and one of the worthiest occupants of that illustrious see, — who ever showed him the warmest, or, to use his own phrase, the most paternal regard. Another of his friends was Dr. Baptista Boerio, or Boyer as he was called in England, the celebrated physician of Henry VII. The doctor was about to send his two sons, Giovanni and Bernardo, to Italy. He invited Erasmus to accompany them, not exactly as a tutor, but as director of their studies. Erasmus gladly accepted the invitation. They left England in the middle of June, 1506, a royal courier (*caduceator*) accompanying them. After being tossed about in the Channel for four days, they landed at Calais and proceeded on their way.

Erasmus remained in Italy for three pleasant and fruitful years. He first spent three weeks at Turin, where he took the degree of doctor of divinity. Thence he went to Bologna, where the young Boerios were to pursue their studies at the university, then in the fulness of the reputation which it has never wholly lost. Here he made the acquaintance of the celebrated scholar Scipio Fortiguerra di Pistoia, better known by the Greek name of Carteromachos, and contracted an intimate friendship with a hardly less distinguished Hellenist, Paul Bombasio — a friendship unbroken until Bombasio's tragic death at the siege of Rome in 1527. One of the first sights which greeted Erasmus in Bologna was the triumphal entry of Julius II. into the city. "I like to picture him to myself, in the great street there," writes M. Nisard, "well wrapped up in his furs,

whatever that Erasmus was in England in those years, and it is most improbable that he was. A few lines lower we read, "It is equally certain that he was at Bologna in 1504." As a matter of fact it is beyond question that he was not at Bologna until 1506.

¹ Ep. XCII. We will give the original Latin and Mr. Froude's abridged translation side by side : —

Duo quedam per-
necessaria jamdudum sen-
tio, alterum ut Italiam
adeam, quo scilicet ex
loco celebritate doctri-
nuncule nostræ nonnihil
auctoritatis acquiratur ;
alterum ut Doctoris no-
men mihi imponam, ineptum quidem utrum-
que. Neque enim, ut
inquit Horatius, statim
animum mutant qui
trans mare currunt, ne-
que me vel pilo doctio-
rem magni nominis um-
bra fecerit; verum, ut
nunc tempora sunt, ita
morem geras, quando
nunc non dicam vulgo,
sed etiam iis qui doctri-
næ principatum tenent,
nemo doctus videri
potest, nisi *magister*
noster appelletur, etiam
vetante Christo, Theo-
logorum Principe.

If I am to continue
this work I must visit
Italy. I must show my-
self there to establish
my personal conse-
quence. I must acquire
the absurd title of Doc-
tor. It will not make
me a hair the better, but
as times go, no man now
can be counted learned,
despite of all which
Christ has said, unless
he is styled *Magister*.
(P. 75.)

It will be noted that in the one place where Mr. Froude endeavors to keep close to the original he fails to write English — an unusual fault in him. "A hair the better" is not English, and would be unintelligible without the Latin.

² Mr. Froude writes (p. 73): "He was undoubtedly in England in 1501 or 1502." There is no evi-

with a look of light irony on his face, gazing at the procession as it went by, meditating those discreet criticisms on the militant papacy, in which his enemies later on were to find heresies worthy of the stake" (p. 37). After the *fièes* in honor of the Church thus strangely triumphant — probably in consequence of them, M. Nisard conjectures — came the plague, and the Italians, as is their wont in such cases, were mad with fear of infection. An order was issued by the civic authorities that medical men engaged in attending on sufferers from the pestilence should wear a white scarf, so that people might recognize and avoid them. The scapulary of the Augustinian habit, which Erasmus wore, was very like this scarf, and caused him to be mistaken for a plague doctor as he unconcernedly made his way about the city, jostling against the passers-by. The consequence was that on two occasions he had a narrow escape for his life from the fury of the alarmed citizens. He obtained, therefore, from Pope Julius II. an exemption, afterwards confirmed by Leo X., from wearing this distinctive portion of the monastic dress, and for the future wore a costume half clerical half lay, in which we may see the outward visible sign of the inner man of the heart.

During the thirteen months which he spent at Bologna, Erasmus was much occupied in preparing a second edition of his "Adages." In order personally to supervise the printing of it at the Aldine press, he went to Venice at the end of 1507, taking leave of the Boerio youths, with whose father and tutor he had had difficulties. Venice was then at the summit of its prosperity, containing over three hundred thousand inhabitants. Communes, who had visited it a few years previously, describes it as the most magnificent city he had ever seen. Its political power, indeed, was already on the wane; but it was at the height of its artistic and literary splendor. The Aldine press was the centre of learned studies. At the Aldine Academy the discussions were conducted in Greek,

and the rules were drawn up in that language. Here Erasmus spent six months in the house of Andreas Asolanus (Andrew of Asoli), the father-in-law of Aldus. He was occupied in seeing his "Adages" through the press, and in intercourse with various savants. Conspicuous among these were Musurus of Crete, a singularly accomplished Hellenist, and Jerome Aleander — afterwards cardinal — who, to high proficiency in Greek and in theological and philosophical studies, added the unusual accomplishment of a good knowledge of Hebrew. At Venice, Erasmus and Aleander were on the best of terms, sharing not merely the same roof, the same table, the same chamber, but sometimes even the same bed. Later on, as we shall see, their friendship was succeeded by estrangement; nay, by bitter hostility.

In October, 1508, Erasmus quitted Venice, carrying away with him a disease which he had contracted there — the gravel — and which was to plague him, off and on, for the rest of his life. He now passed some two months in Padua — "fair Padua, nursery of arts," as Shakespeare calls it. He had been asked by James IV. of Scotland to fill the office of teacher of rhetoric there, to that monarch's illegitimate son, Alexander, a youth of much promise, then eighteen years of age, and already named Archbishop of St. Andrew's. Erasmus was delighted with his pupil and formed a great affection for him. But his preceptorial duties left him sufficient leisure to pursue with his accustomed ardor his Hellenic studies, profiting, as occasion offered, by the counsels of Musurus and Carteromachos. His stay at this pleasant seat of learning was cut short in December, 1508, by rumors of war due to the unquiet temperament of Julius II., who had just entered, with the emperor and the kings of France and Spain, into the League of Cambrai. Accompanied by the young archbishop, he travelled south, and after a short stay at Ferrara, reached Siena, probably early in January. Towards the end of February, leaving his pupil behind him

there, he proceeded to Rome, which he was impatient to visit. On his arrival, he beheld a second triumph of Pope Julius, who, at this time, had annexed Bologna.

It cannot be said of him that "he brought an eye for all he saw" in the Eternal City. Neither the inimitable masterpieces of recent art, nor the priceless relics of classical antiquity, seem to have excited his enthusiasm. Goethe somewhere says that the condition of all greatness is devotion to an idea. Erasmus was entirely devoted to the pursuit of "good learning." He lived with men of letters, and with great ecclesiastics who were their patrons and often their fellow-students. The magnificent libraries of the city were its chief attractions to him. "*Musarum tranquillissimum domicilium*," he calls it. Among the eminent persons whose friendship he made in Rome, four are specially worthy of mention here: *Ægidius* of Viterbo, then general of his Order of Augustinian Canons, and subsequently cardinal, a devout man and an accomplished scholar, who felt deeply the crying abuses in the Church and the urgent need of reform; Cardinal *Grimani*, whose reception of him is described at length in one of the most charming of his letters; Cardinal *Raphael Riario*, commonly called the cardinal of St. George, from his titular church of San Giorgio-in-Velabro, which, by the way, was Cardinal Newman's titular church; and the Cardinal dei Medici, afterwards *Leo X.*, who conceived for him a great esteem. Efforts were made to retain him in Rome. The lucrative post of penitentiary, regarded as a safe stepping-stone to high preferment, was offered him. He refused it. He refused, too, the pressing solicitations of Cardinal *Grimani*, whose palace and library were put at his disposal. *Henry VII.* had just died. *Henry VIII.*, who liked the society of men of letters, had, as a child, seen Erasmus, had corresponded with him, and had quite recently addressed to him an autograph letter couched in most friendly terms. Mountjoy wrote to

him announcing the death of the old king, describing in glowing language the golden age for literature which might be expected under the new, and urging his immediate return to England.¹ Erasmus decided to comply with this advice; and, after a hurried expedition with his young archbishop to Naples and Cumæ, set out for this country, which he reached early in July, 1509.

These three years in Italy had done much for Erasmus. *M. de Nolhac* justly remarks, "*L'Italie a été l'école où s'est achevée sa formation intellectuelle. C'est là qu'il a mûri ce talent d'écrivain que va renouer les idées de toute une génération, la plus féconde du siècle: c'est là aussi qu'il a pris pleine conscience de l'esprit nouveau, dont il sera dans les pays du Nord le grand propagateur.*" But this is not all. Lord Mountjoy, in the letter just referred to, observes that the Italian visit had augmented not only Erasmus's learning, but his renown—"te tantum et literarum et nominis illic adeptum esse perspicio." Rome was then the intellectual as well as the ecclesiastical capital of the world. And the approbation of its refined, cultivated, and fastidious scholars gave "the guinea stamp" to Erasmus's reputation. It was no small trouble to him to quit the city—"alma urbs," he is fond of calling it—which he had grown to love. "Unless I had violently torn myself away, I should never

¹ Mr. Froude tells us (p. 84) that Erasmus "appears to have decided finally to remain" in Rome—an assertion for which there is no tittle of evidence—"when his future was changed by two letters . . . one from his friend Mountjoy, to announce the accession of *Henry VIII.* and the desire of the new king to attach Erasmus to his own court," the other from the new king himself. Mr. Froude supposes these two letters to be those marked respectively X, and CCCCL. (App.) in the Leyden edition, and gives "abridged translations" of them in his usual free style. Now there can be no doubt whatever that Ep. X.—it is misplacéd and misdated in the Leyden edition—is the letter which Mountjoy wrote upon this occasion. Equally beyond doubt is it, from internal evidence, that the letter of *Henry VIII.*, CCCCL. (App.), which bears no date, could not possibly have been written in 1509, but must be referred to some twenty years later, as a very moderate amount of reflection and research would have convinced Mr. Froude.

have left it," he wrote to Cardinal Grimani. The longing to return—"desiderium Romæ" is his phrase—never left him. Hardly a year passed without his making some plan—never to be carried out—for gratifying it.

And here, before we pass away from this portion of Erasmus's life, the reflection naturally occurs, whether the course of European history might not have been very different had he complied with the invitations pressed upon him and remained at Rome, and dedicated himself to an ecclesiastical career there. That he would soon have attained a high position in the Curia Romana is not open to doubt. Invested with the cardinalial dignity, a trusted privy councillor of Leo X., who fully appreciated both his learning and his piety, might he not have withheld that pontiff, constitutionally indisposed to violent courses, from the fatal policy which drove Luther, unwillingly, into rebellion? Certain it is, as Bishop Creighton has pointed out, that "in all the list of men of learning who graced the papal court, there was no one found to understand the issue raised by Luther, and to suggest a basis for reconciliation."¹ As certain is it—this comes out over and over again in Erasmus's letters—that he fully understood that issue, and could have suggested a way of escape from it. Might he not have successfully counselled reforms in abatement of those crying abuses and scandals in the Church, which shocked all wise men and saddened all good men? Might he not have hindered, or at all events have softened, the collision between "old and new, disastrous strife," the issue of which was to shatter the religious unity of Europe, to dissolve the brotherhood of men in some sort realized in mediæval Christendom?

But these are questionings as idle as they are natural. Let us turn from them to follow Erasmus's life and labors in this—the third and culminating—period of his career. On arriving in England, in July, 1509, he took

up his abode in More's house at Bucklersbury, where he wrote the "*Encomium Morie*," or "*Praise of Folly*," which, however, was not published until three years later. And now he found that Lord Mountjoy's brilliant prophecies of his future were not to be fulfilled. The new king was occupied in preparations for war, and appears to have taken little notice of him. Warham could only offer to him the living of Aldington—one of the best in the archbishop's gift—which he declined, accepting, however, a pension charged upon it. At the invitation of Bishop Fisher, chancellor of Cambridge, he went down to that university, then much in advance of Oxford in "good learning," and gave lectures on Greek there. In 1511 he was elected to the Lady Margaret professorship of divinity, and in 1513—the election was then biennial—he was re-elected. "This," Professor Jebb observes, "is a noteworthy fact. The electing body comprised the whole faculty of theology, regulars as well as seculars. The '*Praise of Folly*' must, by that time, have been well known there. If Erasmus was not universally acceptable to the schoolmen, or to the monks of Cambridge, at any rate the general respect for his character and attainments carried the day" (p. 28). In 1514 he left England, never to return, except for a hurried visit in the next year. The immediate motive for his departure probably was, as Professor Jebb conjectures, his desire to supervise the printing of his Greek Testament in Froben's press in Basle. In this year the Emperor Charles V. conferred on him the title of councillor, with a salary of four hundred florins, unaccompanied by any conditions as to residence.

And here we must say something about the "*Encomium Morie*," or "*Praise of Folly*," published in 1512.¹ Most literary critics regard it as Erasmus's best work. Certainly it was,

¹ Mr. Froude says, "It appeared almost simultaneously with the edition of the New Testament" p. 122. This is not so. The New Testament was not published until 1516.

¹ History of the Popes during the Reformation, vol. v., p. 180.

and still is, the most popular of his books. It went through twenty-seven large editions in his lifetime. And even now, when its immediate interest and importance have so long passed away, it is still something more than a name to most cultivated men. Nowhere is the author's keen, supple, and active intellect seen to greater advantage. Nowhere is his diction more lively and polished and fluent. Nowhere is his satire—an essential constituent in all his writings—more graceful and airy and mordant. And if he appears to us, who read him in this nineteenth century, to use, here and there, too great plainness of speech, it must be remembered that he wrote for another age. Ears polite were much less easily shocked then than they are now. But the literary merits of this famous satire are by no means its only merits. It was a triumphant indictment at the bar of public opinion of the two great enemies of “good learning,”—degenerate monachism, and effete scholasticism;¹ an indictment preferred by the most accomplished man of letters then living; an indictment the more effective from the mocking tone in which it is couched, when Folly claims these ecclesiastical obscurantists as her darling children and celebrates their wonderful performances.

They explain hidden mysteries as they please: how the world was made and set in order; by what channels original sin was conveyed to posterity; in what ways, what measure, how little time, Christ was perfected in the Virgin's womb; how, in the Eucharist, accidents² exist without location. But these are mere commonplaces. The following are the kind of questions they think worthy of great and—as their

phrase is—illuminated Theologians. Does the category of time apply to the divine generation? Is there more than one relation of sonship in Christ? Whether the proposition, God the Father hates the Son, can be maintained? Whether God could be hypostatically united to³ a woman, the Devil, an ass, a gourd, a flint? Then, how a gourd could have preached, worked miracles, have been crucified? . . . Add to this those conceits of theirs which are such paradoxes, that beside them the Stoic oracles bearing that name seem most dull and commonplace; as, for example, that it is a less crime to kill a thousand men than even once to mend a poor man's shoe on a Sunday; and that it would be better to let the whole world perish, with bag and baggage, than to tell the least little lie. . . . I think the very Apostles themselves would want some other spirit if they were obliged to encounter this new race of Theologians. . . . No doubt they devoutly consecrated the Eucharist.⁴ And yet, if asked about the *terminus a quo* and the *terminus ad quem*, concerning the mode in which the same body could be in diverse places, concerning the difference between the body of Christ in heaven, on the Cross, and in the sacrament of the Eucharist, they would not, I think, have answered with the same acuteness wherewith the Scotists discuss and define these things.

The monks are as unsparingly dealt with as the theologians. They call themselves religious and solitaires (*monachi*), Folly says, and both names are false. The greater number of them are very far removed from religion, and they swarm everywhere. They consider it a token of great piety to be so ignorant as not to know how to read. They bray out in the churches with

¹ “Num Deus potuerit suppositare mulierem.” Mr. Froude translates, “whether God can become the substance of a woman.” “Suppositare” does not mean “to become the substance of.”

² “Pie quidem illi consecrabant synaxim,” Mr. Froude translates, “An Apostle might affirm the synaxis.” He can hardly have supposed that “consecrare” means “to affirm,” and at first sight one is puzzled to imagine why he so rendered it. The explanation would seem to be that the word “synaxis”—which he keeps in the original—was too much for him. In a note on page 117 he tells us, “Synaxis was an explanation of the Real Presence.” He does not seem to have been acquainted with Erasmus's own verses:—

“Mysticus ille cibus, Græci dixere synaxim,
Qui panis vinique palam sub imagine Christum
Ipsam præsentem vere exhibet.”

¹ Mr. Froude tells us (p. 124): “The object of the ‘Moria’ was evidently to turn the whole existing scheme of theology into ridicule.” That this was not its object is evident on the face of the book. The extravagances and ineptitudes laughed at by Erasmus did not constitute “the whole existing scheme of theology,” but were excrecences upon it.

² “Quemadmodum in synaxi accidentia subsistunt,” Mr. Froude translates “how accident subsists in synaxis.” Mr. Froude does not seem to have been aware of the meaning of the theological term “accidentia.”

their asinine voices a stated number of Psalms, of which they do not understand one word, and then they suppose that they have wheedled the ears of the saints with their ravishing strains. Some of them make a trade of dirt and begging, and a very good trade too; others there are who, out of respect for their rule, avoid the contact of money like poison, but have no scruple about the contact of wine and women. Such are some of the heads of the indictment against those *crassos, semper cibo distentos monachos*, whom Erasmus pursued from first to last so unrelentingly. But Folly does not spare any order of ecclesiastics. Bishops, cardinals, popes, supply her with a theme. Even the reigning pontiff, the warlike Julius II., is more than glanced at. It is a signal token of the tolerant spirit then animating the rulers of the Church that no word was heard from Rome in disapproval of these freedoms.

The tolerance became even larger under Leo X., who in 1513 succeeded to the papal chair. The new pope had been delighted with the "Encomium Morie," and accepted without scruple the dedication of Erasmus's Greek Testament, which appeared, with a Latin translation and notes, in 1516. This work was certainly of no less importance than the "Praise of Folly." But Mr. Froude has curiously mistaken its real significance. He writes: "Of the Gospels and Epistles so much only was known to the laity as was read in the Church services . . . Of the rest of the Bible nothing was known at all . . . Copies of the Scriptures were rare, shut up in convent libraries, and studied only by professional theologians." He adds that by Erasmus's New Testament "the living facts of Christianity, the person of Christ and his apostles, their history, their lives, their teaching, were revealed to an astonished world." Erasmus beyond all question would have been very much astonished by this account of the matter. Certain it is that during the Middle Ages the minds of the most popular preachers and teachers were saturated with the sacred Scriptures. Nothing is

more striking than the Biblical cast — if we may use the expression — of mediæval literature generally, with which Mr. Froude, we suppose, was not very intimately acquainted. The "living facts of Christianity," we need hardly observe, are to be read just as legibly in the Vulgate¹ as in Erasmus's translation, or even in the original Greek. But in his days the venerable writings which are the title-deeds of the Christian religion, though accessible enough, whether to the clergy or the instructed laity, were largely neglected. And no doubt this *editio princeps* of the Greek Testament awoke a new interest in them. Its critical merit is inconsiderable. But, as we shall have to point out hereafter, it exercised a most important influence on Biblical exegesis. For the generation in which it appeared its chief value lay in this: that, disregarding traditional interpretations and discarding the allegorical method, it seeks to bring out the real meaning of the sacred writers and to apply the same to the corruptions and superstitions of the age. We should add that it appealed not *ad populum* — none of Erasmus's works do — but to the thoughtful and cultivated. And it did not appeal in vain.

It is not necessary for our present purpose — nor would our space permit — that we should follow Erasmus through all the details of his vast literary labors. A mere glance at the catalogue of his works will suffice to show how incessant those labors must have been. "I have not time to be ill," he writes in one of his letters. We may apply to him the words of Rabelais:

¹ Mr. Froude writes: "Ignatius Loyola once looked into Erasmus's New Testament, read a little, and could not go on: he said it checked his devotional emotions" (p. 115). Mr. Froude evidently supposed, or meant his readers to suppose, that this was Ignatius Loyola's first, perhaps sole, acquaintance with the New Testament. As a matter of fact, Ignatius — apart from all theories about him — was extremely familiar with that volume, and with the Old Testament too. "Mighty in the Scriptures," might be said of him. We may observe that it was not Erasmus's New Testament, but his "Enchiridion Militis Christiani" which Ignatius found undevotional according to Masæus, the saint's biographer, who is the authority for the story.

"Tel était son esprit entre les livres comme est le feu parmi les brandes." In classical and patristic literature he was a pioneer. The critical worth of his editions is not great. His work was done too hurriedly, and with too scanty appliances. His it was to point the way which subsequent scholars were to follow with more ample profit. But in truth his first object was always educational, in the largest sense of the word. His aim was humanizing; to soften the manners of men, to tame their passions, to make their lives sounder and saner and sweeter. In his prefaces and notes to the works which he edited, shrewd appreciations of various aspects of human existence, pungent observations on popular follies, good-humored pleadings for truth and temperance and tolerance, occupy a larger place than critical disquisitions on his author. His books are brimful of actuality. And that no doubt is one reason of the vast influence they exercised. Nor must we forget that, during all that literary toil, his correspondence was enormous. He describes himself aptly enough as πολυγράφος. He must have lived with his pen in his hand. From all parts of the civilized world princes, prelates, professors write to him, desiring his counsels or—perhaps oftener—seeking some mark of recognition from him. His friends marvelled at the impudence of correspondents, who idly interrupt his labors. But for all he has a kind and courteous reply, longer or shorter as the matter requires; "wearing his wisdom lightly," as in pleasant and witty words he freely imparts the results of his acute observation, his vast erudition, his mature thought. In 1515 one of his Cambridge friends and pupils, John Watson, fellow of Peterhouse, wrote to him with enthusiastic delight of his growing greatness, his increasing authority. His greatness and authority went on increasing until, in 1519, we find him as M. Nisard observes, "in full possession of his glory."

Three young kings, the greatest in Europe, all called to the throne about the same time, contend which shall have him

as a voluntary subject. Popes write to him to announce their accession and to offer him public hospitality at Rome. Little States, as well as great ones, provinces and cities as well as States, invite him to enjoy in their midst a glorious repose. Every one flatters him, even Luther. All the presses of Germany, England, and Italy reproduce his writings. All the reading world reads nothing but Erasmus. A comparison which he publishes between Budæus and Badius creates so much stir that Francis I. causes a report of it to be made to him in Council as though it were an affair of State. All who write imitate his way of writing; even his enemies cannot attack him without casting their rejoinders into his own style. The world is pregnant with wars to come; it already seems prescient of the shock that will be soon given it by the ambition of these young princes, and by those great interests of general civilization of which their ambition will be the instrument; but it keeps silence for a moment around Erasmus; that Erasmus who, as his admirers say, has resuscitated antiquity and the Gospel. He has just turned fifty. He is not less poor ("nécessiteux") than he was when he started in life. His health is always fragile, but it is kept up by the noble fever of renown.¹

And now we enter upon the last stage of Erasmus's career, when he was compelled to leave "the quiet and still air of delightful studies," so congenial to his tastes and temperament, and, unwillingly, to battle in "the sea of noises and hoarse disputes" aroused by the Lutheran controversy. The cloud fated to darken for him all the heavens, during the last fifteen years of his life, had arisen no bigger than a

¹ Vol. i., p. 74. Poverty is a relative term. Erasmus was never opulent, and did not wish to be so. He certainly was not indigent, during the period of his life which we are now considering, nor afterwards. When he was Margaret professor of divinity at Cambridge, his income, it is estimated, must have been equivalent to 700*l.* a year of our money. He must have been much better off in 1519, with his various pensions, and the revenue, constant if uncertain, derived from the sale of his works. But his expenses were always considerable. He had need of secretaries, copyists, messengers, grooms, and of at least two horses, one for himself and one for his servant. His charities were munificent, and his way of living delicate and refined. He was a lover of good wine, *modicis cantharis*, and especially of old Burgundy: "ce qui prouve son bon goût," M. Amiel justly remarks.

man's hand, so long before as 1509. A converted Jew of Cologne, one Pfeffercorn, had proposed the destruction of all Hebrew books, except the Old Testament. The Dominican Inquisitors approved of the proposal. Reuchlin, a man of high standing, and a distinguished scholar, specially versed in Hebrew, wrote vigorously in opposition to this insane obscurantism. Erasmus, although knowing no Hebrew, or hardly any, and not highly valuing the literature contained in that language, strenuously supported Reuchlin, writing in praise of him to Leo X., and earnestly commending him to the protection of Cardinals Grimani and Riario.¹ The Dominicans were furious. And while this controversy dragged its slow length along, Luther appeared on the scene, condemning the traffic in indulgences which certain of them conducted. The condemnation had the sympathy of Erasmus, as of all good and wise men. Apart from theological controversies, there can be no question at all, that indulgences as then preached "with intolerable impudence," were practically what Cardinal Ægidius did not hesitate to call them: "an incentive to sin and a danger to souls." Erasmus, in well-known passages of his works, had inveighed against them in terms not less scathing than those employed by Luther. But the two men were cast in very different moulds, and followed very different methods. In Erasmus we have the polished irony of the philosopher; in Luther the fiery denunciation of the prophet. We find Erasmus writing in July, 1518: "Luther has given many admirable admonitions, but I would that he had expressed himself more courteously. . . . Still, so far, he has certainly done good." At this time the two men had had no communica-

tion, nor, as Erasmus mentions to Cardinal Wolsey, had he really read any of Luther's writings. He had, in fact, as he tells the cardinal, been on his guard against Luther. He did not wish that the cause of good learning should be associated with a man whose tone and temper he distrusted. In January, 1519, Melancthon wrote to tell him how highly Luther rated his name and desired his approbation. And three months afterwards a letter to the same effect reached him from Luther, who addresses him as "*decus nostrum et spes nostra*." Erasmus replied in May by a very guarded epistle, in which he takes occasion to remark that theological points are not with advantage discussed before an ignorant multitude, that moderate and courteous language is more likely to serve a good cause than passionate invective, that attacks on persons should be avoided, and that it is necessary to be on one's guard against anger, hatred, and vain-glory. "No doubt," he adds, "these are the rules you have followed, and I hope that you will go on following them." "Praise undeserved is satire in disguise," and the most effective satire. These words must have been in a sovereign degree displeasing to Luther, who possessed what Bishop Creighton calls, "a command of virulent invective and a power of personal onslaught which were unbecoming a zealous seeker after truth," and who from the first made full proof of those endowments. His followers, however, construed them as an unqualified approbation of what he had done. There can be no question that Erasmus did not so intend them. The aim of the Saxon reformer in those early days of his — the abatement of superstition — was good. That Erasmus did not doubt. His method seemed questionable. Degenerate monachism and effete scholasticism were the common foes of both. But the weapons of their warfare were entirely different. No alliance was possible between these two men. "He works his work, I mine."

So matters stood in 1519. And if we

¹ Mr. Froude writes: "The Inquisition, if it could not burn the Talmud, was willing to take Reuchlin in exchange. . . . [He] was suspended from his office and imprisoned, while the question what to do with him was referred to the pope." (P. 173.) As a matter of fact, Reuchlin was no more in danger of burning than was Mr. Froude; he was never imprisoned; nor was "the question what was to be done with him" ever referred to the pope.

would appreciate the situation rightly, we must remember that neither Erasmus nor Luther, nor any one else, in the least foresaw the course which events were to take. No one ever dreamed that the breaking up of the religious unity of Europe and the dissolution of Christendom were at hand. "Luther," as Bishop Creighton finely observes, "would never have been the leader of a great rebellion if he had clearly known whither he was tending." At the beginning of 1519 he "only imperfectly realized the bearings of his position;" "he was not sure what shape his ultimate opinions would take;" "his brain was seething with half-formed ideas, and he yielded easily to contradictory impulses;" he still professed himself—and there is no reason for doubting his entire sincerity—"willing to submit to the judgment of the Church and ready to keep silence if his adversaries were to be silent also." "His opinions were evolved by the necessities of a conflict which was by no means inevitable." The great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, like the great political revolution of the eighteenth, took mankind by surprise. In both these momentous crises of the world's history, grave changes were in the air. All intelligent men saw that. But that those changes should have shaped themselves as they did, proves signally with how little wisdom the world is governed. The pope's advisers utterly mistook the meaning of the movement in Germany and the temper of the German people. To quote again the well-weighed words of Bishop Creighton: "Leo showed no sense of his responsibility in the issue of the bull [*Exsurge Domine*], but allowed himself to be the mouthpiece of Luther's theological opponents. . . . It was a deplorable mistake to assume such a position." By a curious irony of fate one of the most amiable and peace-loving of the Roman pontiffs—"suavissimus ille pater," Luther called him—whose mind was entirely averse to theological disputations, precipitated the fiercest ecclesiastical conflicts, and

let loose the bitterest religious controversies of the modern world.

The bull "*Exsurge Domine*" was published on June 15, 1520; and on the 10th of December Luther publicly burnt it before the Elster Gate at Wittenberg. It was the beginning of what Erasmus calls—the expression is habitual with him—"the Lutheran tragedy." His position was now most difficult. Personally he did not like Luther, whose passionate enthusiasm was quite alien from his spirit of rational criticism, and who was utterly insensible to the splendor and sweetness of the fair humanities which were his first object. But he always held, and never shrank from saying, that Luther had been hounded into revolt; that the Roman Curia had to thank their own blindness and blundering, for converting a harmless necessary reformer into a rebel. Writing to Pirckheimer in September, 1520, he expresses his vehement sorrow ("*mihi vehementer dolere*") that "a man from whom he had hoped so much good should have been driven wild by rabid clamors." And ten years afterwards, reviewing the course of events in a striking letter to Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Sadoletto, he says: "If throughout the world you see terrible tumults arise, fatal to Germany, and still more destructive to the Church, remember that Erasmus foretold them. In the first place they should have let alone Luther and his theses about indulgences,¹ and not have poured oil upon the flame. Then it was a great mistake to take action by means of monks, whom almost every one hates, and to have recourse to impotent belittings among the people, and to the burning of men and books; the true course would have been to deal with the matter at issue in treatises to be circulated among the learned. Lastly,

¹ Mr. Froude translates (p. 347): "The first mistake was to neglect Luther's protest against indulgences," which is precisely the contrary of what Erasmus says. A little lower down in Mr. Froude's translation we read: "Luther's books were burnt when they ought to have been read and studied by earnest and serious people." There is not one word of this in the original.

it would have been better to connive at, to put up with these people, just as we have put up with gipsies and Jews. Time itself often brings a cure for evils beyond the power of medicine. This I never cease to urge; but I did not even obtain a hearing; whether I liked it or not, I was set down as a supporter of schisms."

The imputation was utterly unfounded. Erasmus never for one moment thought of joining Luther or of quitting the communion of Rome. He had no taste for martyrdom, but he protested—and his sincerity is unquestionable—that he "would rather die ten times over than associate himself with any sect seceding from the Church." On the other hand, he was as little disposed to make common cause with Luther's enemies, who were also the enemies of that "good learning" which it was the main business of his life to advance, the fau-*tors* of and traders in those superstitions and corruptions against which, from first to last, he waged such vigorous war. He speaks, in a letter written to Pirckheimer in 1522, of the age as a monstrous epoch (*"seculum prodigiosum"*), in which it was most difficult to know what course to take. On the one hand were those "who, acting in the name of the pope, were trying to draw tighter the bonds of the old tyranny, instead of relaxing them." "On the other hand," he continues, "those who under the name of Luther profess to vindicate evangelical liberty, act in I know not what spirit. Certainly many adhere to them whom I should not like to have as adherents if the matter were any affair of mine. Meanwhile," he adds, "Christian charity is rent asunder, consciences are troubled, and the lewdly disposed (*"qui propensi sunt suapte natura ad licentiam"*) easily find pretexts for license in the writings of Luther."¹ "Good Erasmus in

an honest mean," sings Pope, justly enough. But his moderation seemed, to the followers of Luther, cowardice; to Luther's most active opponents, hypocrisy. Foremost among his detractors was his old friend Aleander, who as papal legate brought to Germany the bull against Luther, and whose violence did much to aggravate the situation. It was a special infelicity of his position, as he complains in several of his letters, that this old familiar friend in whom he trusted, who also did eat of his bread and drink of his cup, in those bright Venetian days, laid great wait for him, adopting and enforcing the accusations of the monks and theologians that he it was who was the real author of Luther's revolt—nay, that he still secretly favored and promoted it—and losing no opportunity of putting that view before the pope. Aleander it probably was, who coined the saying, *"Ὁ Λουθηρὸς ἔρασμίζει, ὁ ἔρασμος λουθηρίζει"*. Certainly, at this period, Erasmus's worst foes were those of his own household. In 1521 the feeling of his monkish and theological opponents in Flanders, where he had chiefly resided for the previous five years, was so strong against him, that he thought it expedient to depart to Basle.

Here he was soon pressed, by Catholic princes and prelates from all quarters—nay, by his old friend Adrian of Utrecht, who on the death of Leo X. in 1520 was elected to the papal chair—to write against Luther. He shrank from complying with these requests. He felt that if he spoke out his whole mind, some who sought his aid would rather that he had kept silence. Perhaps, too, like Cardinal Newman upon a well-remembered occasion, he was not without resentment that those who by their "wild words and overbearing deeds" had kindled the fire in spite of his warnings, should "leave to others the task of putting out the flame." But as time went on Luther was led to

¹ Ep. DCXVIII. The words *"Rursus qui sub nomine Lutheri præ se ferunt vindicationem Evangelicæ libertatis, nescio quo spiritu rem gerunt: certe multi se admiscunt qui malim non admiscere si meum esset negotium,"* are grotesquely translated by Mr. Froude: "The friends of liberty who call themselves Lutherans, are pos-

sessed by some spirit, of what kind I know not, while both sorts have a finger in the management of things, which neither of them should touch if I could have my way." (P. 280.) "In suspensio sunt hominum conscientie" he renders "conscience has run wild"!

apply himself to the construction of religious dogmas for his followers. Erasmus viewed the result with disapproval and dismay. It appeared to him that the Reformer's new scholasticism was as bad as, or worse than, the old. In particular he judged Luther's denial of free will as undermining the foundations of ordered human existence. He applied himself to confute it; but he did not like the task. It was—so he expressed himself in one of his letters—as though the lover of the Muses should descend into the gladiatorial arena. But the Peasants' War in 1524 removed his lingering hesitations. This outbreak appeared to him the direct result of Luther's teachings. He sent his book "*De Libero Arbitrio*" to the printer. It appeared in September of that year.

We do not propose to enter here upon a critical examination of this work. Indeed, if judged from a purely metaphysical point of view, it can hardly be said to merit such examination. We may content ourselves with observing that its dialectic, if not very profound, is skilful and learned; that it deals with the great question it discusses in a spirit of Christian courtesy and philosophical moderation; that it expresses effectively the dictates of common sense and the determinations of conscience against Luther's fatalism. Luther himself felt that it went to the very heart of his doctrine. He confesses as much in the book "*De Servo Arbitrio*," which he wrote in reply. That treatise is not very creditable to him. His argument is weak. He seeks to bolster it up by vituperation and violence. He describes Erasmus as an impious person, a blasphemer, an unbeliever, an Epicurean; one who fears to displease the powerful, who puts his word and his faith at the disposal of princes. Luther's followers took their cue from their master. They had been wont to celebrate the great humanist as the prince of literature, the star of Germany, the avenger of the ancient theology. Sceptic, atheist, Arian, Pelagian, were the terms they now applied to him. On the other

hand, the monks likened him to a fox laying waste the vineyard of the Lord. They called him another and a worse Lucian, who by his bitter mocking had done more harm to the faith than Luther himself. We read of a certain doctor of divinity who kept his picture on purpose to have the pleasure of spitting upon it from time to time. His "*Colloquies*," which appeared in the same year¹ as his book "*De Libero Arbitrio*," were not calculated to conciliate his monastic and theological opponents. M. Feugère observes: "*L'ouvrage, en effet, donnait prise par bien de côtés à ceux qui le poursuivaient au nom de la foi Catholique. Dans ces pages alertes il y a des saillies moqueuses, des irrévérences à la Lucien.*" The popularity of the book was enormous. The astonishing number of twenty-four thousand copies found purchasers in a few months. Next to the "*Praise of Folly*," it is still the best known of his works. Its light and graceful humor, its piquant irony, its keen and subtle delineation of life and character, invest it with a charm which age cannot wither.

Twelve years more of life remained to Erasmus. They were twelve years of unwearied work, of almost uninterrupted physical suffering, and of ever increasing sadness as the political and religious horizon grew darker and darker. The sort of literary dictatorship which he had once exercised throughout Europe had passed away. But to the last he was the centre and leader of sensible, tolerant, disinterested men, who desired to conciliate piety towards the past with faith in the future; who shrank alike from the obscurantism of the monks and the iconoclasm of Luther. Until the year 1529, he abode in Basle. Then a variety of Lutheranism, devised by *Ceolampadius*, was established there. The Catholic worship was prohibited. And the intolerance of Protestant zealots forced him to quit that city; just as eight years before, the intolerance of Catholic zealots had driven him

¹ A few of them had been previously published.

from Louvain. Much as he desired the abolition of abuses, he was by no means in sympathy with those who

call the Church's desolation
A godly thorough reformation.

In his letters of this period, he vividly depicts their ravages: statues shattered, shrines rifled, altars cast down, paintings whitewashed, all that was precious and beautiful defiled and destroyed. The sour solemnities which they substituted for the ancient rites he viewed with disdain and dislike. Some of the leaders of the new faith were among his personal friends, and he never renounced their friendship. But the practical fruits of their movement in the rank and file of their followers filled him with dismay and disgust. "The triumph of the Lutherans," he writes, "is the death of good learning. Wealth and wives are their real objects. For the rest, their gospel supplies them with all they want—that is, permission, to live as they like." Times of revolution are always times of relaxed morals. It is notable that of all the sectaries of that period the Anabaptists seem to have been the purest livers. From Basle Erasmus went to Freiburg, which he reached at the end of April or the beginning of May, 1529. On arriving there, he found a rumor current of his own decease. He writes: "This is not altogether a lie of the Dominicans and the Franciscans. I am struggling with that sergeant of death, the stone, to say nothing of old age—which indeed does not give me much to complain of—or of my excessive literary work, or of my constant fighting with beasts of all kinds that everywhere raise their monstrous heads. I know not whether such an existence should be called life. But all this would not trouble me, were it not that in these days I see everything going from bad to worse. I hear the voices of orthodox and of heretics, of Catholics and of anti-Catholics: nowhere do I see Christ. For a long time the world has been in travail. Unless the hand of Christ directs the birth, I discern no hope." To that

hope he clings to the last, laboring in all ways to make straight the paths for a better order, in which peace through the truth might be realized; willing to become all things to all men, so that he might gain them for this sacred cause.

To the last he trusted that it might be still possible to stem the tide of revolution by reform, to reconcile ecclesiastical unity with rational liberty. Melancthon, one of the purest and most candid souls in the Lutheran ranks, earnestly seconded him in these efforts. One of the last works of Erasmus was his little tractate, "*De Amabili Ecclesiæ Concordia*," a beautiful and touching plea for peace. It was published in 1533, three years before his death. If carefully and dispassionately read—and especially if read in connection with his letters—it leaves no room for doubt as to his religious views. On the one hand, he did not call in question any dogma actually defined by the Church.¹ But, like Cardinal Newman, he protested against theologians who sought to impose as articles of faith their own opinions; who made use of their own private judgment to anathematize the private judgment of others. It must be remembered that, when he wrote, many points subsequently decided by the Council of Trent were open questions. It must be remembered, too, that while in his discussions of theological subjects he is perfectly frank, stating fully the arguments on both sides, extenuating no difficulties, concealing no apparent contradictions, and not dissembling his own conclusions if he is led to any, or his doubts if he is not, he invariably submits himself to the authority of the Holy See. His own view was that the dogmas of the faith should be few and plain. He would have had theology brought back from scholastic subtilty

¹ Readers of Mr. Froude's "abridged translation" of *Ep. DLXIII.* might suppose otherwise (p. 260): "I think the Church has defined many points, which might have been left open without hurt to the faith." On reference to the original it will be seen that Erasmus speaks not of definitions of the Church, but of definitions of certain theologians: "*Fateor quedam esse definita per Theologos quodam*," etc.

to Evangelical simplicity. He would have had fewer and better priests, fewer and better monks. He earnestly desired the abatement of the corruptions, the abuses, the superstitions, which he combated so vigorously from first to last. But anything seemed to him a less evil than the breaking up of the religious unity of Europe. To Catholics he preached conciliation; to Lutherans, moderation. In vain. He might have said with the Psalmist, "I labor for peace; but when I speak unto them thereof, they make themselves ready to battle."

The battle came. It was his happiness that he did not live to see it. Indeed his last year of life was gladdened by a gleam of hope that the "amiable peace of the Church" for which he labored, might even yet be achieved. In 1534 the troubled pontificate of Clement VII. came to an end. Erasmus had little cause to complain of that pope. Like Leo and Adrian, Clement too, in his feeble and irresolute way, had protected the great Humanist. Paul III., immediately after his election, had announced his intention of calling a General Council in order to the pacification of the Church. In view of it he proposed to raise to the cardinalate learned and pious men in various countries. Among them was Erasmus, to whom, in reply to a congratulatory letter upon his accession, he had addressed a very complimentary brief. Such an honor had never been in the thoughts of Erasmus. It was out of keeping with his antecedents. He wrote to the Bishop of Cracow that it would be like saddling an ox. He was much gratified at this token of the pope's good dispositions towards him—"Pontificis animi lubens amplector." It was a recognition of his labors for and his loyalty to the Church. It was of good omen for the cause of reform and comprehension to which he had devoted his life. But old age, want of fortune, a state of health quite incompatible with the due discharge of a cardinal's duties, were sufficient reasons for declining it. "*Animalculum ἡμερόβιον*,"

—"a wretched little creature with but a day's life in him"—he calls himself, in his usual mocking way. It was true. The end was near; nearer perhaps than he supposed. Of late his infirmities and sufferings had greatly increased. His physicians, at their wits' end, prescribed change of air. In June, 1535, he left Freiburg, intending, as would appear, to proceed eventually to Besançon. He set out in a litter—for the last year or two he had been obliged to give up riding—and in a few days reached Basle, where he proposed to halt for some time in order to see an edition of his "*Ecclesiastes*" through the press. Shortly his sickness increased so much that he determined to winter there. The place was dear to him from the recollection of many years of fruitful toil passed within its walls; of many tried and valued friends, some of whom still remained. So, as he told Goclenius in the last letter he ever wrote, he had made up his mind to winter there. He would rather die elsewhere, he added, because of theological differences. But it was appointed unto him to die there and not elsewhere. The exercise of the Catholic religion was interdicted. Erasmus passed away on July 12, 1536, without the last sacraments of the Church which he had so faithfully served. The zealots of her communion, who had thwarted and marred the work of his life, called it an ill death. He had answered them by anticipation in wise and pious words, written twelve years before: "God knows what is best for each. . . . Let him choose what he will. No one can die badly who has lived well."

And now let us briefly consider what is the debt of the modern world to this memorable man. If we were required to sum up his work in one sentence, we should call it the vindication of the essential and inalienable prerogatives of human reason. The fundamental difference between Luther and Erasmus is indicated by M. Nisard: "Erasmus s'adressait aux intelligences, Luther aux passions." Müller complains of Erasmus as "a rationalizing

(*raisonniren*) theologian." He was that in the best sense of the word. It was in the name of reason that he annihilated the effete scholasticism of the Middle Ages. It was in the name of reason that he waged war upon the stupid superstitious and dull despotism of degenerate monachism. It was in the name of reason that he attacked Luther's new scholasticism based upon the doctrine of the slavery of the will. He was the apostle of that "true liberty which with right reason dwells." It is not merely that he abhorred religious persecution no less heartily than he abhorred sects and schisms; that he regarded candid and moderate discussion—not rigor, not violence—as the proper weapons wherewith to combat error; that, as he finely says in one of his letters—the sentiment must have seemed passing strange to most of his generation—he considered "the man who errs in good faith an object of pity." It is that in every department of his intellectual labor there breathes, not the atmosphere of sectarian bitterness, but the ampler ether, the diviner air of rational freedom. He introduced the new biblical exegesis, and shares with Reuchlin the honor of being its founder. Superstitions about words appeared to him as slavish as superstitions concerning monkish habits. He was a pioneer of the method of interpreting the canonical books, not by isolated texts arbitrarily construed, not by traditional glosses ignorantly followed, but in the true and natural sense of the writers, without regard to consequences; the same canons of criticism, the same apparatus of scholarship, being applied to them as to other ancient writings. Once more. Erasmus felt that in ethics the true starting-point is reason speaking through conscience, not simply an external but an internal revelation. As the Middle Ages drew to their close, the conception of the moral law as an order of verities, absolute and eternal, had been largely effaced. It came to be regarded chiefly as a branch of theology. In the hands of the later scholastics ethical science was little more than a system

of casuistry. Now no thoughtful student will deny that casuistry has its quite legitimate uses. As undeniable are its quite illegitimate abuses. By misapplied subtilities, by nice or nasty distinctions, by the exclusive employment of logic as the sole guide of life, those who cultivated casuistry in the fifteenth century had well-nigh achieved the petrification of the moral idea. Luther did nothing to vivify it. Indeed the inevitable effect of his doctrine of the absolute slavery and nullity of the human will was to reduce morality to a department of police. Erasmus saw clearly that ethics rest on self-evident principles and the nature of things, and on rational deductions therefrom. It was reserved for the great moralists of a later generation—Suarez and Vasquez conspicuous among them—to vindicate scientifically this primary verity. But Erasmus indicated the true way. Here, as in the domain of religious toleration and exegetical criticism, he—not Luther—is the precursor of a better age. Not in the storm of theological controversy, not in the earthquake of religious revolution, but in the still small voice of the scholar urging the pleas of reason, do we discern the promise and presage of the liberties of the modern world.

From Temple Bar.

HONNIE.

A STUDY OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A STRAGGLING, tumble-down village, a long, narrow strip of common almost bare of grass, over which wandered a cackling band of geese, a miserable cow or two, and a wretched, hobbling donkey, almost crippled by the abnormal length of its overgrown hoofs. The dusk was fast closing in, and weary, dispirited laborers were trudging homewards, sickle in hand, for Kyle was too far removed from civilization, and too poor besides, to get in its scanty harvest in other than the most primitive fashion.

Suddenly a loud laugh and the mocking tones of a woman's voice broke the stillness, and the little band of harvesters paused on their homeward tramp, to listen to what soon appeared to be an animated dispute.

Barney McEvoy, "farmer," possessing—besides sundry cows and pigs, an ancient horse or two, and the superannuated donkey before mentioned—several acres of good arable land, was looked on as rather a magante in those parts; and partly on this account, partly by reason of his overbearing disposition, generally found few to gainsay him. Yet now he was "having words," and very angry ones too, with Honnie, or Honor Bowes, the widow of a kinsman of his, a woman as renowned for her biting tongue as for her abject poverty.

She stood confronting him, a curious, half-savage figure, with her shock head of tangled hair, long and plentiful and of that absolutely lustreless black so frequently seen in Irishwomen of her class—her face tanned and weather-beaten out of all womanly softness, but nevertheless redeemed from plainness by a pair of flashing, coal-black eyes, and a set of teeth that any beauty might be proud of. Her attire consisted of various layers of rags, apparently of every shape, and having once been of every color, but now toned down and mellowed by the all-pervading grime. She stood with her arms akimbo, a certain grace in the proudly poised head, in the firmly planted bare feet—as pitiable an object as one might see on the queen's highway; yet the dispute which waged so hotly between her and her connection was on no less a subject (save the mark) than that of family!

"It's well known," said Honnie shrilly, "that the O'Byrnes were rulers in the land whin wan o' the Macs wasn't heard of."

Honnie herself was the proud descendant of the first-named ancient family, and never forgot the fact. But Barney McEvoy (or Mac, as he was generally called) was also proud of his birth, and the taunt struck home.

"An' well it becomes ye, Honnie, to talk o' your fam'ly whin ye owe the very bit ye ate, to me."

"An' if I do, don't I work for it?" she interrupted. "Maybe I don't! Why, I'd work till I'd dhrop rather than be beholden to ye, Barney, though ye are own cousin to me poor man that's gone!"

"Thru for ye, Honnie," observed a sympathizing bystander.

"Troth, an' ye are that, all the same, and ye deserve that I should put ye to shame, woman, sence ye dar' spake to me as ye do. *Now*," cried Barney, holding up a wrathful finger, "I'll tell on her forenent yez all, and yez'll see if it's fit for the likes of her to be goin' on about her fam'ly. Musha, it's a credit to her fam'ly she'd be if it wasn't for me. She owes the roof over her head to me, for sorra a ha'porth o' rint have I had out of her this three months—she'd have starved, so she would, if I hadn't kep' her an' the child in food all the winter; an' now she ups and she says, 'Your fam'ly,' she says, 'is not so ould as mine,' she says!"

Here Barney stopped, almost overcome with the sense of Honnie's ingratitude, and the sympathetic murmurs of the bystanders were now in *his* favor. But Honnie was no whit abashed.

"Och, thin, you're the char'table man!" she cried, with a shrill laugh. "It's somethin' to boast of—the bit that ye gav' me an' me child in the winter. Cowld potatoes mostly, or turnip-tops not graised itself!"—this with fine scorn. "As for the roof over me head, ye may be proud o' that, Barney; I've paid ye more rint than iver it was worrith already!"

"It 'ud be a poor case for ye if ye were without it, thin," cried the irate Barney.

"It would so," returned Honnie sarcastically. "Johnny an' me does be countin' the stars through the holes in it most nights, an' of a rainy evenin' all we have to do is to set the kittle in the middle of the flure, an' it's all ready filled for us in the mornin'. Ye may

well talk o' the roof over our heads, Barney; sure, it's lost we'd be widout it!"

Here a roar of ironical laughter irritated the already indignant farmer almost to fury.

"Well, ye'll see how ye'll git on whin ye haven't it," he growled savagely, as he turned on his heel and strode towards his house.

"Troth, I b'lieve it's goin' to evict me he is!" remarked Honnie, with a whimsical glance at his retreating figure; and this exquisite piece of wit was received with due applause. Neither Honnie nor her audience believed for a moment that Barney would have recourse to such an extreme measure, and they separated highly amused at the manner in which the "big man" of the village had been routed by his nimble-tongued adversary.

Honnie marched on in the gathering gloom, her rags fluttering in the breeze, and her bare feet treading the stony pathway with the ease of long practice. Soon the last cabin in the village was left behind; but Honnie kept on for another quarter of a mile or so, when leaving the beaten track and squeezing herself through a gap in the hedge, she crossed the bleak, desolate-looking field in one corner of which was her home. It was, as the neighbors said, "a God-forsaken spot," this bare, empty field, with patches of rushes quivering in the wind, and marshy bits where Honnie's feet sank deep in the black, slushy soil. A few huge stones lay here and there, and in the extreme corner of the field stood a small mud cabin, windowless, chimneyless, propped up with stumps of trees and boulders of stone at the doubtful corners, and with a roof, the decay of which amply justified Honnie's description—this was her home. Only a narrow pathway separated it from a very muddy, unwholesome-looking ditch, and behind the cabin was a small patch of what had once been a garden, as was testified by a few bare cabbage-stalks. As Honnie drew near this cheerless abode she quickened her

pace, almost breaking into a run as a little voice was heard to call, "Mammie, mammie!" and a small tangled golden head appeared over the half-door.

"Are ye there, me jewel?" cried Honnie, lifting the child up in her powerful arms and covering his face with kisses.

"I am so," piped Johnny, "an' it's hungry I am, too."

Then Honnie hastened into the cabin, shutting the half-door, and closing the upper part by the simple plan of thrusting a board into the opening and holding it in its place by means of one of the useful logs of wood which formed the chief portion of her furniture. Then, poking the turf fire with a piece of stick, she proceeded to prepare the evening meal for herself and Johnny. Stir-about, made with a handful or two of Indian meal, was soon boiling in the big black pot, and after a few minutes Johnny was regaled with his portion of that dainty in the solitary saucer they possessed, while Honnie, not being particular, ate hers out of the pot, blowing vigorously on every mouthful as it came smoking out of that receptacle. As soon as the pangs of hunger were assuaged she had leisure to contemplate her son, who did not seem to be getting on very fast with his supper, and who finally pushed away his saucer with a gesture of disgust.

"I thought I was hungry," he sighed, "an' I'm not afther all!"

"Aren't ye, avick?" said Honnie, with the utmost solicitude, passing one rough, horny hand gently over his golden curls. "Maybe the stir-about isn't nice?"

"Troth, it isn't," said Johnny candidly; then he added, after a pause—"What I'd like 'ud be a bit o' bread an' drippin'."

"Would ye now?" returned Honnie anxiously; "an' sorra a bit I have at all, at all. Thry an' ate that, honey, an' as sure as I'm alive I'll git ye some drippin' from the Coort to-morra."

Thus adjured, Johnny again fell to work at his stir-about, but soon gave

up, leaning his little flushed face against his mother's shoulder.

"I've a pain in me head," he said, "an' I can't get me breath right—it's sick I am, mammie."

Honnie again poked the embers into a bright blaze and gazed at her boy anxiously. He did look ill, there was no mistake about it; in fact, though his mother did not know it, the child, who had been ailing for a day or two, was now suffering from the premonitory symptoms of inflammation of the lungs.

Honnie took him in her arms and rocked him gently to and fro, crooning out a song in a voice that was strangely soft. It was difficult to recognize in this gentle, tender mother, the violent, savage-looking woman who had but an hour ago quarrelled with Barney McEvoy. Maternal love was in her a *passion*—the strength of which was only known to her own undisciplined heart. Every prattling word that fell from her boy's lips, every golden hair of his pretty head, was to her a thing to be worshipped. She herself was well content to fast for hours together that Johnny might be regaled with some dainty on which he had set his heart; and while Honnie had long ceased to think about her personal appearance, disdaining even soap and water as unnecessary luxuries inasmuch as they concerned her, she took great pride in her son's looks, and dressed him with some attempt at neatness. Johnny's ablutions were never omitted, though they were of a somewhat unusual description. Honnie possessed neither basin nor tub, and was therefore accustomed to lower Johnny head downwards into the muddy ditch before mentioned, from which, after a "souse" or two, he was withdrawn, his face wiped on a corner of the non-descript garment which did duty as Honnie's shawl, and his head "racked" with the remnant of a comb, his toilet being then complete.

She sang to her boy till she was hoarse, yet the little fellow could not sleep. He pressed his hot cheek

against hers and lay perfectly still in her arms, but his eyes were wide open and shone feverishly bright in the fire-light, and now and then he was shaken by a short, dry cough.

"What'll I do wid ye at all?" said Honnie, kissing him passionately all at once. "Sure, yer sleeps gone as thray intirely!"

Johnny looked at her with a hopeless, pathetic glance, but said nothing.

"Will I git into bed wid ye?" asked Honnie anxiously.

"Aye," said Johnny, nodding feebly.

Whatever articles of furniture might be conspicuous by their absence in Honnie's mansion, she was at least the proud possessor of a bed—a large four-poster, that occupied nearly half the available space, the wood of a fine dark color like mahogany. Though it boasted neither sheets nor blankets, there *was* something nevertheless that did duty as a mattress, and two or three old sacks by way of coverlet. To this inviting receptacle Honnie now retired with Johnny in her arms, and after a time her patient hushing and singing were rewarded by seeing him fall into a broken, restless slumber.

Next morning she arose, and prepared to go to work as usual. Johnny was accustomed to be left on these occasions, and usually whiled away the hours in company with a starved-looking cat that shared bed and board with him; but to-day he looked wistfully at his mother as she was about to depart.

"Ye're not afeard to be left, are ye?" said Honnie, quick to mark the look; "ye won't be lonesome? I have to go, me jewel, for I haven't a ha'porth iv anythin' in the house barrin' the sup o' gruel that's there to yer hand. But I'll come home airly and bring a bit o' drippin' wid me."

Johnny sighed.

"Ye'll come home before its *rale* dark?" he said resignedly.

"'Deed an' I will, honey; an' ye'll lie quiet now an' keep warm, won't ye?"

"I'll not stir a fut till ye come back," promised Johnny.

Honnie turned to go, but by a sudden afterthought came back to the bedside, and throwing off her ragged shawl, tucked it carefully round the child, kissed him again with her strange rapture of affection, and stepped out into the morning sunshine, looking wilder than ever without her accustomed covering.

Johnny lay still, feeling heavy and ill, poor little fellow! The difficulty in his breathing increased, his cough seemed to shake his frame to pieces, his head ached, and he was tormented with thirst. At last, from sheer exhaustion, he fell into a sort of doze, from which he was startled by a curious scraping and hammering at the roof. He listened in silence for some time, and at last observed that the hole which did duty as chimney was gradually widening, while the whole house shook, and pieces of the decaying thatch fell into the room, some of them alighting on his bed.

"Who—who's there?" cried the poor child in great alarm.

Then the hammering ceased, and a dark, ill-tempered face peered down through the hole.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Barney Mac?" cried Johnny, with a delighted laugh of recognition. "I thought some one was pullin' the roof down."

"Did ye?" growled Barney. "Well, ye're not far off the thruth. What are ye doin' there, ye lazy cub, ye?"

Poor Johnny, astonished at this unfriendly tone, only whimpered in reply. The farmer slid off the roof and came round to the door of the cabin.

"I don't want to kill ye," he said as he entered, "so ye must clear out o' that till I'm done—d'ye hear?" he added savagely, as the child looked at him in wonder, gulping down his sobs. "I'll not stop till I have the roof off o' this house. Yer mother insulted me yesterday forenent the whole country-side, and I'm goin' to tache her to keep a civil tongue in her head. I've long wanted to pull down this cabin, which is a disgrace on me land, but wouldn't on account o' yer mother. 'No roof

at all 'ud be as good as this wan,' she says, afther all me kindness. Ha! we'll see how she'll like to find her wureds come thrue!"

Poor Johnny lay blinking at him, unable to understand this long speech, but dimly comprehending that his mother had in some way offended their powerful kinsman.

"Come, be off out o' that!" cried Barney roughly, "av ye don't want to be kilt, that's to say. I've no more time to waste on ye!" and pulling the little fellow out of bed, he pushed him outside the house.

Poor Johnny crouched at a little distance, shivering in every limb, watching with great dilated eyes the cruel deliberation with which the man set about his destructive work. The strokes of the pick fell rapidly on the poor, little, half-rotten roof, and every now and then Barney would drop his implement and tear the thatch away with his merciless hands. In a couple of hours all was over, and Barney, wiping his brow, gazed in triumph at the ruin he had wrought. Only a few bare, smoke-dried rafters rose above the low mud walls, while the ground inside and outside the cabin was strewn with fragments of what had been the roof. After a pause the farmer turned away, and walked homewards, his vindictive face aglow with a fierce joy. Honnie had been ungrateful, throwing back in his teeth even the benefits which had been sincerely well meant, holding him up to the scorn of the neighbors. Now she was punished. Now she would bitterly regret her insulting words. These were his thoughts as he strode rapidly away, without bestowing another glance on the poor little helpless child, who, as he at last realized the misfortune that had befallen them, burst into a weak, sorrowful wail most piteous to hear.

CHAPTER II.

It was dark when Honnie drew near her home, though she had left her work as early as she dared, and had run all the way to and from the "Coort," where she had purchased a

pennyworth or two of dripping from the cook. As her bare feet pattered along over the marshy field, she strained her eyes in vain for the dim outline of the low-roofed cabin, that was generally defined against the sky a little above the irregular line of hedge.

"Musha, I'm bewitched I think!" said Honnie to herself, hastily transferring the lump of dripping from her right hand to her left, that she might make the sign of the cross.

There all at once she caught sight of the shadowy rafters rising above the dusky walls of her house.

"Marciful Heavens! the cabin's been afire and the roof is burnt off iv it!" cried Honnie, while for a moment her brain reeled, and her heart seemed to stand still within her.

"The child — God in Heaven — the child!"

As Honnie crossed the threshold, more and more alarmed, her foot struck against something in the doorway, and stooping, she uttered a loud, agonized cry,—

"Oh Johnny, me heart's jewel, is it dead ye are?"

No, not dead, as Honnie ascertained in a few minutes when she had lighted a match and closely inspected her child's prostrate form. Not dead, though there was that in the wan face, in the fixed gaze of the heavy eyes, that struck her heart with a terrible fear.

With shaking, awkward fingers she endeavored to light the fire, but the rain had been falling heavily during the afternoon, and the turf was soaked through, and resisted all her efforts. Looking round, she descried the shawl in which she had so carefully wrapped Johnny, still lying on the bed. It was damp indeed, but would be some protection. Taking the child in her arms, she drew it round him, and then paused to ask herself what she should do next. It was getting late, the neighbors would all be in bed, and in her proud, independent way she shrank from exposing her misery to their curious comments; yet she must seek shelter for the child. The rain had again begun to fall heav-

ily, and a cutting wind drove it against them.

"Will I take ye to the docther, Johnny?" said Honnie, opening her shawl, and peering down at the little face on her bosom.

But Johnny said nothing; he was fast drifting away beyond the reach of his mother's voice, and if he heard, was incapable of answering. The child had no stamina; his natural delicacy had been increased by privation, and he was now on the point of succumbing to the effects of the sudden shock and the severe chill to which he had been exposed while burning with fever.

"The docther'll know what to do," Honnie said to herself, and blowing out her light she set off running, with the child in her arms, in the direction of the village. It was no physician who inspired Honnie with such confidence; her "docther" bore the title of D.D., and was no other than the old priest who for nearly fifty years had labored amongst the succeeding generations of his flock. Everywhere throughout his straggling parish his name was held in veneration, his sayings treasured as household words, the sight of his quaint, old-fashioned figure considered "good for sore eyes." When his rickety covered car was descried afar off, with its one-eyed, broken-kneed horse, and its queer, wild-looking driver, there was universal jubilee. Bare-footed children pattered through the mud or dust of the road to get the "docther's blessin'"; ragged mothers thrust their shock heads through the open window to ask how he was "gettin' his health," and to relate various doleful tales concerning themselves and their families; corbeens and pipes were removed, as Pat or Dinnis drew near with shame-faced grins and pulls of the forelock to receive sundry good-humored admonitions relative to the unsteadiness of their gait on certain Saturday evenings. The doctor had a smile and a kindly word for all his parishioners, sympathizing with their woes, and inquiring after their concerns with the deepest interest. He prescribed for his parishioners in sickness, helped them in pov-

erty or trouble, provided clothes for the babies, and coffins for the dead. The members of his flock were accustomed to appeal to him in all their difficulties, and Honnie betook herself across the fields with the firm conviction that the "dochter" would know what to do for Johnny, and that once in his hands he would be safe.

As she groped her way along she was absorbed only in the thought of her child, anguish in his pain, the passionate desire to procure him rest and ease at any cost. It was curious and characteristic of the woman that she never once asked herself how it was that the roof had disappeared, and that Johnny came to be in such a plight. She could realize nothing but the fact that he was ill, dangerously ill, and her whole soul was filled by this one overwhelming idea.

She passed through the village, which looked even more desolate by night; no light burning anywhere, and only the howls of some miserable dog breaking the stillness. Taking her way onwards for another mile or so, Honnie found herself at the priest's house, which was situated at the entry of "the town" of Ballyslack, whose one narrow street stretched away a few hundred yards on the other side. She opened the gate and passed in; through the paddock, where the doctor's solitary cow gazed at her in meek astonishment as she went by, past the little garden, up the flight of steps. She announced her arrival by a loud, jangling ring, which had to be repeated before any one appeared. At last the bolt was withdrawn, the key turned in the lock, and a head in a wide-frilled nightcap was thrust through the partially opened door.

"Bad luck to ye, whoever ye are," grumbled Mrs. Mulhall, the housekeeper. "What do ye want at this time o' night, I'd like to know? Disturbin' dacent people, an' wakin' them out o' their furest sleep?"

"I want the dochter," said Honnie laconically.

"Want the dochter, do ye? Maybe ye think I'm goin' to call him out iv

his warm bed, poor jintleman, though indeed it's on his knees he is most likely, and won't be off them this hour or more. Be off home wid ye, unless it's a sick call ye've come on, for thin, of coorse, the dochter 'ud be murtherin' me if I didn't let him know."

Honnie, who only half comprehended this somewhat contradictory discourse, merely repeated her former phrase, without vouchsafing any further explanation. Mrs. Mulhall, much exasperated, was proceeding to give utterance to "a bit of her mind," when she was suddenly silenced by Doctor Morris himself, who came slowly down-stairs, candle in hand. A venerable, antiquated figure, clad in its long, black coat, knee-breeches with silver buckles, and gaiters; a venerable face too, crowned by abundant snow-white hair, with a whimsical smile on the kindly lips, and keen, good-humored eyes that looked at Honnie over (not through) the big silver spectacles.

"Tut, tut, Mrs. Mulhall, what is this all about? Has Molly been helping herself to the potatoes again?"

Molly, the most plausible and disreputable of the doctor's parishioners, had been paying frequent visits to his garden of late, causing a considerable diminution of the above-named vegetables. Her pastor, too kind-hearted to get the woman into trouble, and too just to allow this state of things to continue, had at last hit upon an expedient which had proved successful. Visiting the culprit's cabin and arraigning her before him, he had said, with great solemnity:—

"Molly, beware of the dog!"

"Yer Riverence?" from Molly interrogatively.

"I'm going to keep a dog, Molly—a very savage one, very savage indeed. He is to be let out at night in the garden, Molly. I thought I'd just tell you, you know."

Molly had taken the hint, and the potatoes had been safe from that day; but now, catching sight of Honnie's ragged figure (her face being in shadow), Doctor Morris feared his warning had been disregarded.

"Sure it isn't Molly at all, yer Riv-
erence. It's Honor Bowes, and it's
meself that thinks she has the dhrop
in, or somethin', for I can't make out
what it is she wants."

"Hush, hush!" said the priest
authoritatively. "Honnie is a decent
woman, and always sober. What is
it, child, that brings you here so
late?"

Honnie had listened stonily to the
housekeeper's angry accusation, but
now at the sound of the priest's kind
voice she broke out suddenly into loud,
convulsive sobs.

"Oh, docther, it's Johnny. I think
it's dying he is!"

"Come here, woman, come here,"
said Doctor Morris, leading the way to
the kitchen, while his housekeeper,
forgetting her crustiness, ran on before
to poke up the embers and re-light the
lamp. Honnie, still crying passion-
ately, stepped near it as it burnt up,
and opening her sodden shawl turned
Johnny's face to the light. Alas for
the poor little white face! The stamp
of death was already printed on it; the
eyelids were closed, and did not even
quiver in the full glare of the lamp;
the breathing was almost impercep-
tible.

"God bless him!" whispered the
priest, making a little cross on the
child's forehead, and then looking at
Honnie with tears starting to his eyes;
"God help you, you poor creature!"

"Docther," wailed Honnie, "can ye
do nothin' for him? Ye don't mane
to say ye can do nothin' for him?"

"See now," said the old man, lay-
ing one big wrinkled hand on her
shoulder, "the finger of God is on him,
my poor child. He is beyond our
reach, Honnie. The Lord has hold of
him already, and there is no use in our
trying to get him back."

Even as he spoke Johnny made a
faint movement in his mother's arms,
gave one feeble gasp, and then was
still. A strange, solemn smile settled
on the baby lips; there was silence,
silence so intense that the violent
throbbing of the poor mother's heart
was distinctly heard by the other two.

All at once Honnie uttered a scream
that made the very rafters ring again.

"My God, he's gone! Oh, doc-
ther, he's gone — he's gone! Johnny's
dead!"

She flung herself on her knees, rock-
ing herself to and fro in an ungovern-
able transport of grief, tears flowing
down her cheeks in torrents, her breast
heaving with the violence of her sobs.

"Ochone, ochone — the darlin' an-
gel!" cried Mrs. Mulhall, with sym-
pathetic tears starting to her eyes.

"You may well say 'angel,'" mur-
mured the priest. "Honnie, woman,
he's with the angels already, happy
and glorious as they. No more pain
for Johnny, no more hunger —"

"But he hasn't his mother!" inter-
rupted Honnie fiercely. "Him that
used to sleep in me arms every night
iv his life, God bless him! Oh doc-
ther, me heart's broke! Is it hunger
ye're sayin'? Sure I'd have worked
day and night sooner than let him be
hungry. He'd have had me heart's
blood, so he would, if that 'ud have
kep' him alive! Docther, ye know
them birds that's painted up in the
chapel tearin' their breasts and feedin'
their young ones with the blood?"

"Pelicans, Honnie! Yes, I know,"
said Doctor Morris soothingly. "Hush
now, woman dear, you'll do yourself a
mischief."

"Well, docther, I'd have been like
them, so I would!" cried Honnie, un-
heeding his remonstrance. "I'd have
given him every dhrop of blood in me
veins, an' welcome;" clutching con-
vulsively at her bosom, and bursting
afresh into loud sobs and wails of an-
guish.

Doctor Morris stood for a minute or
two looking gravely at her. What
could he say to this poor distraught
creature? Surely in her present vio-
lent grief no words of his could bring
her comfort.

"I am thinking, Honnie," he said,
after a pause, "that you'd like to do
everything yourself for the child — I
mean wash him and lay him out, and
all that. You wouldn't like any one
else to touch him?"

"I'd like to see who'd dar' lay a finger on him but meself!" cried Honnie, with flashing eyes.

"Yes, yes — just what I thought. But see now, if you get into such a state as this, you won't be able to do a thing for him. Calm yourself, like a good soul, and then you can do it all yourself. Mrs. Mulhall will show you where to find what you want, and you can lay him on the couch in the little back parlor. Come, Mrs. Mulhall, bustle about, my good woman, and help Honnie, and then you can go to your bed. I shall be up and about for a little time yet."

Honnie rose from her knees, and followed the housekeeper meekly enough, though her frame was still shaken by sobs, and now and then a big tear splashed down on Johnny's still form.

When Doctor Morris entered the back parlor an hour or two later, he found that the sorrowful task was accomplished, and Honnie was alone with her child. A white sheet had been thrown over the sofa on which Johnny lay, his little limbs looking strangely long as they were thus outstretched, his pretty golden hair curling over the pillow, his long eyelashes sweeping his waxen cheeks, and hiding the sweet blue eyes that would no more laugh up in his mother's face. No more would the little arms thrill her with their caresses; she had herself folded them across the childish breast, and they would cling to her never again. His wet clothes had been removed, and he was wrapped in one of Mrs. Mulhall's big white aprons.

"Wouldn't his little shirt look better than that?" asked the priest, when he had knelt for a moment by the sofa, and again made a cross on the child's forehead.

"Sure, his shirt was in dhreeps with the rain," answered Honnie. "He was wringin' wet when I tuk him up in me arms to bring him to ye, and the rain was pourin' all the way."

"How did the child first get wet?" said Doctor Morris. "Surely you were not so foolish as to take him with you

to your work? He must have been ailing for some time, I suppose?"

"He was, yer Riverence; at last this couple o' days he hasn't been himself — seemed to have an impression on his chest, and didn't care to ait. But glory be to God, I never for wan moment thought he was so bad, an' whin I went to me work this mornin' he was lyin' in bed as quiet as a lamb."

"Did he get up and go out of the house, then?" asked the priest. "Or how can you account for his getting so drenched?"

"I dunno," said Honnie. "Whin I came back the roof was off o' the house, and the child was stretched across the doorstep —"

"The roof off the house!" echoed Doctor Morris in amazement. "How in the world did that happen, woman? Do you mean to say the sick child was lying all day exposed to the wind and rain? No doubt that is how he got his death. That accounts for everything."

Honnie, whose mind had been too much absorbed in the crushing misfortune which had befallen her, even to ask herself how it had come about, started at the old man's words, and turned pale.

"That's how he got his death!" she repeated. "Oh, docther, d'ye think it was that?" Then suddenly starting to her feet with a sort of shriek, "What tuk the roof off? Tell me that, docther — how did it come off?"

"How can I tell, my poor child? The wind may have blown it down."

"No," returned Honnie, gazing at him fixedly, "the wind hasn't blown that much, an' there was no sign of it comin' off this mornin'. It's clane gone, docther, on'y the rafters left. What happened it at all?"

"Never mind," said the doctor soothingly; "it is done, and don't trouble your mind about it now. Go down on your knees, you poor creature, and ask God to give you strength to bear this terrible cross he has seen fit to send you."

Honnie sank upon her knees at his bidding, but her lips moved not in

prayer, and her tears were suddenly dried up. She gazed at the child with a fixed stoniness that filled the old man with apprehension.

"Her mind is going—and no wonder," said Doctor Morris to himself, as he at last withdrew to seek a few hours' rest. "Little Johnny was all she had—the grief will drive her distracted!"

CHAPTER III.

As soon as it was light on the following morning, Honnie rose from her post by her child's couch, and let herself out at the back door, running—almost flying—in the direction of her own cabin. All through the night as she had crouched on the floor at Johnny's feet, the priest's words had been ringing in her ears. "How did the roof come off the house? No doubt that is how he got his death." Now she would herself examine the spot, and see what had killed her Johnny. As she hastened on she had a dim suspicion of foul play, which was confirmed by the appearance of her miserable abode. The thatch had not been blown off, but systematically removed piece by piece, until no fraction of it remained. Then all at once the truth flashed across her—it was Barney Mac! The recollection of their dispute returned to her mind—Barney's threat with reference to the roof was vividly present to her: "See how ye'll get on when ye haven't it." Yes, she could no longer doubt it—he was the cause of her child's death. The violence of her emotion, as she at last realized this, is beyond description—her whole frame shook with passion, her brain reeled, she felt for a moment or two as if she must die from the intensity of her fury. Johnny might have lived, *would* have lived, if it had not been for that man—his own father's kinsman. To poor Honnie's disordered brain it seemed clear that Barney had intentionally destroyed her child. "He murdered him, the black villain!" she muttered between her set teeth, while, scarcely knowing what she did, she set off again as fast as her

shaking limbs would carry her towards Barney's house.

The farmer himself was standing close to his door, and turned as he heard the sound of Honnie's rapid feet. Seeing who it was, an insolent smile spread over his face; here was his enemy driven by distress to sue for pardon! The wind and rain had doubtless brought her to her senses, and she had come to own her fault and throw herself upon his mercy; but he would show her none—she had been ungrateful; he would be pitiless.

"Why, yer on fut airly this mornin', Honnie," he cried in a bantering tone. "Didn't ye sleep well, thin? Maybe 'twas too warm ye were?"

At the malicious tone of his voice, the triumph in his face, the woman's last vestige of self-control deserted her.

"Ye murtherin' villain—it's you that killed me child!" she cried, and of a sudden sprang upon him like a fury, the impetus stretching him full length upon the ground. The passion within her gave her unnatural strength, and for a moment Barney was powerless in the grasp of the muscular brown fingers that clutched his throat. Only for a moment, however; he was young and active, and she was but a woman; so after a short but severe struggle he shook her off, and regaining his feet, rushed with a muttered oath into his house, shutting and bolting the door to prevent her following him. His precaution was a wise one, for as soon as Honnie rose from the ground, she threw herself against the door, screaming out between volleys of curses, that she would have his life, she would! He had killed her Johnny, and she would destroy him!

Baffled and exhausted, Honnie at last sank on the threshold, dashing the drops from her brow, and feverishly wondering by what possible means could she compass her revenge—for be revenged she would, if she lost her life in bringing it about. Barney's bolts and bars had withstood even her woman's hate; besides, if she did come face to face with him, had he not already proved himself the stronger?

Yet not for one moment could she endure the thought of her enemy going unpunished. He was a murderer—as truly a murderer as Long Mike who had been hung for stabbing his cousin last Michaelmas ten years. All at once a gleam of vindictive triumph shone in Honnie's eyes; if there were justice for one murderer, there should be justice for another. Why should she not give Barney into the hands of the police? He would be hung assuredly, and then her Johnny would be avenged. "I ought to have thought of that before," she said to herself as she sprang to her feet; and then, without casting another look at the door behind which Barney had entrenched himself, she ran off at full speed, promising herself that she would not pause till she came to the police-station. There was one about five miles from Ballyslack, and to reach it she must pass the priest's house. As she drew near the latter, she found the old man standing at the gate anxiously on the lookout for her, and was obliged to slacken her pace in obedience to his uplifted hand.

"Come here, child, come here," he said, opening the gate hastily, and motioning to her to enter. "Where have you been, and why have you left your post by Johnny's side?"

"Oh, yer Riverence, I can't come in! It's murdered he is, an' I'm going to Marlinton for the police."

"Murdered? Nonsense, woman! The poor child died peacefully here under my eyes, and there was not even a scratch upon him. Calm yourself, Honnie, and don't let this trouble drive you out of your mind."

"Docter," said Honnie, confronting him, her eyes gleaming, a scarlet spot on each brown cheek, but speaking with an attempt at calmness, "it's God's thruth I'm tellin' ye. Barney Mac—my curse on his black heart!—tore the roof off o' me house yisterday whin I was away at me work, an' the child was lyin' with the wet pourin' on him, and the wind blowin' through him, for hours maybe. Sure, it's yourself tould me that that was the way he come be his death—do ye disremem-

ber? Last evenin' it was, whin ye came to see him laid out."

Doctor Morris, who had at first really feared that the poor creature's mind had given way under her fearful sorrow, was impressed by the solemnity of her manner. She was sane enough, and evidently spoke the truth; he knew Barney sufficiently well to believe him quite capable of the deed imputed to him. He now bitterly regretted his words of the preceding evening; he had spoken without reflection, but they had evidently taken a strong hold of the poor mother's mind.

"Come in, Honnie, anyhow," he said soothingly, "and we'll talk this over after you have had a cup of tea."

"No," said Honnie, drawing back, "no, docter, neither bite nor sup shall cross me lips till I've sarved that man out for killin' Johnny."

"Tut, tut, sh, sh, sh!" said the priest, much as if he were dealing with a troublesome child. "You don't know what you are saying—what is it you want to do?"

"I'm going to the police at Marlinton," returned Honnie doggedly; "an' I'll inform on Barney Mac for murderin' me child, an' I'll have him hung, so I will!"

The doctor sighed. How was he to make this poor creature hear reason?

"Listen, Honnie," he said gently. "You know Barney didn't *kill* the child, for you told me yourself he had been ailing for some days. I spoke hastily last night; he might have died, you know, even if the roof had been left alone. Another thing is that Barney most probably didn't know the little fellow was ill. It was a hard thing to do; but I don't suppose he foresaw the consequences—"

"He did," interrupted Honnie, clenching her fists, "he did—bad luck to him! Sure, it was to pay me out for jokin' about the roof. I tould him it was as bad as none, an' he says, says he, 'See how you'll git on widout it;' an' he went and kilt the child."

The priest sighed again more heav-

ily. This was a terrible business indeed !

"I'm goin' now," said Honnie, with her former sullen determination. "I'll not rest while he's in this worrild."

"My poor child," said Doctor Morris, "try to put these thoughts out of your head; they will do you no good. Even if Barney were punished, it would not bring back Johnny, and in any case the law could not touch him."

"What!" cried Honnie, "wasn't Mike Andrew hung for killin' his cousin—a crabby ould fellow that no one had a good word for; and is Barney to git nothin' for murtherin' me angel child?"

In vain Doctor Morris endeavored to explain the wide difference between the two circumstances. Honnie's ignorance was so dense, her prejudice so strong, her passion so vehement, that it was simply waste of breath. In the end, while he was still speaking, she broke away from him, and ran along the dusty road in the direction of Marlinton with inconceivable speed. Doctor Morris stood at the gate till she was out of sight, and then sorrowfully betook himself to the church, as it was already past the hour at which he habitually said mass.

About noon Doctor Morris was called away to a remote portion of his parish to see a sick woman, and was obliged to leave before Honnie had returned. He set out with a load of anxiety weighing on his kindly heart; he knew not what she might do in his absence. In her present frame of mind, she was almost capable of destroying herself. However, the case to which he was summoned was urgent and he dared not delay.

It was dusk when the covered car jolted along the road that led to Ballyslack; and about half-way between Kyle and the first-mentioned village the doctor became aware that something unusual was going on. A little crowd had collected in a cornfield beside the road, pressing round some one in the middle, who appeared to be talking vehemently.

"Paddy, what's that?" cried the priest to his driver. "What is going on over there?"

Paddy tilted back his hat and stood up in his seat.

"Troth, I can't tell, your Riverence; but I'll go see in a minute."

And throwing the reins on the horse's back he sprang down from the box, and was over the hedge before his master had time to speak.

He came back more slowly, with the remnants of a grin on his face, and Doctor Morris had some trouble in extracting an explanation of the unusual commotion.

"Yes, yes," said the latter rather impatiently, "I am quite aware that there is a crowd there; and I can see for myself that there is a woman in the middle. I want to know who she is."

"Ah, sure, there's a power o' women hereabouts!" returned Paddy, flicking his boots with a red cotton handkerchief.

"Now, Paddy, *I will* have a straight answer. Tell me, is that Honor Bowes?"

"Is it Honor, yer Riverence! An' what 'ud poor Honor be doin' here?"

"Come," said Doctor Morris, "I'll go and see for myself;" and opening the door of the car he began slowly to descend.

"Wait a bit, sir, wait a bit!" cried Paddy eagerly; "I'll have another look (standing on tip-toe, and peering over the hedge). "Troth, I b'lieve it is Honnie herself—the crathur!"

"Paddy," said the old man, pausing on the step to look reproachfully at his servant, "you knew that all the time. Now I *insist* on hearing what is going on—if you don't tell me at once I shall go across and ask."

"Sure, it's only Honnie talkin' a bit to the boys," said Paddy, "tellin' them about her throuble, poor sowl!"

"I hope there's no mischief brewin'," said Doctor Morris anxiously.

"Paddy, as your priest and your master I order you to tell me if there is."

Paddy promptly denied that there was anything of the sort; on being further pressed he wavered a little, and

finally, noting the doctor's real anxiety and distress, blurted out : —

"I b'lieve the boys is goin' to give Barney a bit of a baitin' — but they'll murther me for tellin' on them."

"Just what I feared!" exclaimed the doctor, hastily descending from the step, and squeezing himself through the hedge. "This must be stopped at once!"

Consternation was depicted on every face at his approach, for the "doctor" had never been known to countenance a "shindy." They were unprepared for his arrival, moreover, not having perceived his car behind the hedge, and thinking Paddy had come to reconnoitre on his own account.

"Boys," said Doctor Morris sternly, (they were all boys in that neighborhood, with the exception of the grand-fathers), "What is all this about? — what are you plotting here?"

A dead silence ensued.

"I have reason to believe," pursued the doctor, glancing round through his big spectacles, "that there is an attack to be made on Barney McEvoy, when or where I do not know, and neither do I know who is to take part in it. But I have this to say — I absolutely forbid it. There is not one here who is not a member of my flock, and who is not, consequently, bound to obey me. I have been your priest for nearly fifty years; I have uplifted my voice amongst you day after day and week after week — don't tell me, boys, that the time has come when it will be raised in vain!"

Here his voice shook a little, and there was a certain pathos in his glance as it wandered from one to the other of the group; but his appeal did not receive the ready response he expected. Irish passions are not always to be controlled even by Irish priests, and Honnie's fiery eloquence had stirred her auditors to the very core. One or two of them nearest the priest muttered some unintelligible words, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other and carefully avoiding his eye, but the rest preserved a sullen silence.

"Come," said the doctor, "I know

you all too well to believe that you would go against me in this. Promise me now, one and all, that you will give up the idea altogether and go home peaceably."

"Av yez do," cried Honnie, suddenly stepping forward and uplifting one lean brown arm threateningly, "that the widda's curse may rest on yez! In the name o' God, is there no justice in the worrild? Is that man to 'scape scot-free afther desthroyin' me child? The police say they'll have nothin' to do wid him, an' are yez all goin' to turn cowards now, an' break yer wureds to me? Oh, if God 'ud only gi' me the strength meself I wouldn't trouble wan of yez!" — gathering herself up like a tigress ready to spring.

"Don't listen to her, children," cried Doctor Morris eagerly. "You can see for yourselves that the poor creature is not accountable for what she says. She has been hardly used, no doubt, but it was God himself who took her child from her — God himself. Mind what I say. Don't do her the injustice of bringing that man's blood on her poor distracted head — don't let her wild words be the cause of further evil."

The men still appeared unconvinced, and though the priest continued his exhortation for some time, he was by no means sure of having gained his end.

"Come with me now, Honnie," said Doctor Morris, taking her by the hand and leading her as if she were a child. "You must be tired out; and remember, you've left little Johnny all alone. Come and kneel by him while you can, for you know, child, you won't have that comfort long."

He spoke thus with the intention of diverting, and, if possible, softening her mind, but his words had the contrary effect.

"Comfort, is it?" she cried, pausing in the middle of the field. "Musha it'll be small comfort to look upon me child dead! What 'ud comfort me" — her voice rising to a shriek — "'ud be to see Barney dead and cowl'd; av I

could see *that*, docther, I'd be willin' to die meself. Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands with indescribable passion, "well for him — well for him, he has no fam'ly! If he had a child, I'd sarve it as he sarved Johnny!"

The doctor gazed at her in intense sorrow and distress. There were many things he could have said to her; severe reprehensions of her unchristian frame of mind, holy exhortations to resignation and hope in the hereafter — but of what use would it be to speak thus to this frenzied creature, every fibre of whose undisciplined nature was now stirred into fierce hatred and passionate craving for revenge?

"Let us go on," he said gently; "we are wasting your time here — your precious time, Honnie, that will so soon have passed away."

He thought she winced at his words, and as she followed him to the car, a thought struck him on which he pondered during their homeward drive. In truth, Honnie's behavior caused him considerable anxiety and distress. He feared her influence on her excitable neighbors and kinsmen, most of whom had long cherished a smouldering dislike to Barney which Honnie's wrongs had now fanned into active hatred. The doctor knew well the meaning of "a bit of a baitin'," and what would be the disastrous results of such an attack. Now and then during the long years he had spent amongst his parishioners, he had seen unfortunate creatures who had fallen victims to the popular wrath, and who had been blinded, maimed, half, if not quite, killed in consequence. He had now too good reason to fear that such a fate was in store for Barney. If Honnie, in her present frame of mind, were let loose while the neighbors' indignation was at so great a height, mischief was inevitable. Yet he could not always keep guard over her.

Taking her by the hand when they had alighted at his own door, he led her gently to the chamber of death. There lay little Johnny, calm and smiling, a few white flowers here and there on his couch, a crucifix in his folded

hands. Placing his own on Honnie's shoulders, the priest forced her on her knees beside the couch, where she formed a strong contrast — poor, wayward, passion-worn creature — to the peace around.

"Kneel there, Honnie," said Doctor Morris solemnly. "Look on your child while you can, take him in your arms, and kiss him, and caress him while you may, for after to-morrow you will be parted from him forever, in this world and the next."

Honnie looked up at him with startled eyes.

"What do you mane, docther?" she said.

"Where is Johnny now?" said the priest, replying to her question by another. "I mean the real Johnny — the Johnny that loved you, that looked at you out of these eyes, and clung to you with these arms — where is he?"

"Sure, you have no call to ask me that," returned Honnie. "You know better than me."

"Ay," said Doctor Morris, "he is with God — is he not? With the God who said 'Thou shalt not kill,' and 'Vengeance is mine.' One day you and Johnny will stand face to face once more. He will be safe in the arms of his God. Honnie, do you think you will be beside him?"

Honnie caught her breath with a curious gasping sound, but answered nothing. There was a long silence, broken at last by the priest's solemn voice, —

"I tell you, woman, that the mischief your violent words may cause will come between you and your child; every drop of blood that is shed by your desire will be an ocean to part you from him. That terrible thirst for revenge which is consuming you will make him turn from you with horror. Ay, mark that, Honnie — God would not allow you to draw near your innocent child if you brought about the evil you are planning; but even if he did, Johnny himself would turn from you — loathe you, despise you —"

He ceased abruptly, as Honnie with a loud shriek flung herself across the

bed, clasping her boy's still form, and writhing in agony.

Doctor Morris softly withdrew, hoping that his words had already had effect, and that the proximity to her child would do the rest.

In the morning he found Honnie pale and subdued, with a look on her worn face that went to his very heart. He stood by with her while the village carpenter laid Johnny in his little coffin, and tears sprang to his eyes as he marked her closely clasped hands and quivering lips, and heard the low shuddering moan that escaped her when all was ended.

"Honnie" he whispered earnestly, "it remains with you to decide whether you will meet your child again, or whether you have parted with him forever."

And then throwing her arms wildly above her head, Honnie burst into a passion of tears.

CHAPTER IV.

TOWARDS evening the poor mother betook herself once more to her desolate cabin. Little Johnny had been laid in his last resting-place, and for hours she had crouched by the tiny mound, weeping till she could weep no more.

Now, as with slow steps she drew near the home that even in its abject poverty had once been so happy, she felt as if her heart would break in very truth under its load of misery.

Her eyes fell on a small dark object on the threshold, and she picked it up and pressed it to her bosom while her whole frame shook with sobs. Johnny's cap—the cap which she had herself fashioned with such loving unskilful fingers, and which she had been wont to place with so much pride on his golden curls. At the mere sight and touch of it the wild beast within her threatened to break forth again.

"Oh, me child—me child that might have lived and that has been taken from me!"

She fell on her knees, battling with herself in a sort of terror. The priest's warning was still fresh in her ears, and

she struggled hard to control herself, for stronger than all her passion, stronger even than her grief, was her vivid Irish faith. Revenge would have been unquestionably sweet to her, but even revenge should not come between her and Johnny!

The battle within herself was so fierce that she did not heed the sounds of distant tumult; crouching on the ground, praying as best she knew how, with her face covered by her shawl, she did not mark that through the dusk a man's figure was flying over the bleak landscape, followed by some fifteen or twenty others in hot pursuit.

At last the sound of footsteps close to her cabin made her start, just as Barney McEvoy stumbled across the threshold. A ghastly object he looked, with a great gash on his pallid face from which the blood trickled fast, his eyes almost starting out of his head, every feature convulsed in his agony of terror. He looked wildly round the cabin as if seeking some hiding-place, and all at once caught sight of Honnie, who slowly rose to her feet and stood confronting him. Seeing her he gave himself up for lost—how could he hope for mercy from his bitterest enemy?

Flinging himself on his knees, he clasped her feet in his slavish fear and despair.

"For God's sake, Honnie, don't—don't give me up to them! They'll kill me, so they will—an' sure I didn't mean to hurt the child."

Honnie looked at him stonily; the pursuers drew nearer and nearer, the splash of their bare feet on the marshy ground being distinctly heard.

"Honnie, hide me in the name o' God! I can run no more. For pity's sake, Honnie—"

His voice died away in the extremity of his terror, for he could see no sign of relenting in her face. Then, crawling away from her as rapidly as his shaking limbs would permit, he squeezed himself under the bed in the corner, pulling down the sack-covering so as to hide himself as well as possible, though he had small hope of his

retreat being undiscovered. Of course, he told himself bitterly, as he crouched against the wall, of course Honnie would give him up—had she not thirsted for his blood, and was it to be expected that when the longed-for revenge was actually at her command she would forego it? In her place Barney knew he would not have spared his enemy; feebly endeavoring to rally such courage as he possessed, therefore, he prepared to meet his doom, for he hardly expected to escape with his life. In another moment his pursuers burst through the doorway, heavy sticks in their hands, their faces set in stern determination, their voices raised in eager dispute.

"He came this a'way."

"No, he didn't; sure there's no sign of him here."

"I seen him runnin' across the field!"

All at once Honnie's voice rose above the tumult.

"Boys, what is it ye want?"

"Didn't ye see him, Honnie?" from the foremost of the band. "Didn't ye see Barney? We thought he came across the field—where is he—the villain? We'll make him rue the day he was the death o' Johnny when we get a'howlt of him."

Honnie stood with clasped hands and tightly compressed lips, fiercely struggling with the savage instinct that craved for her enemy's blood. At last she spoke again,—

"How dar' yez be comin' here to disturb me in me sorra? Go home, and lave me to think of me child in peace!"

The men looked at her in astonishment, and slowly left the cabin one by one, pausing once more when they had crossed the threshold to consider their next step.

"Didn't he come here thin, Honnie?" asked one as he passed her; "maybe ye didn't see him."

"I was here all the time," she answered. When all were outside the roofless cabin, she stood in the doorway, a weird, solemn figure in the gathering gloom.

"Go home," she said commandingly. "Go home, every mother's son of yez. Yez heard what the priest said yisterda'! Go home thin, an' don't dar' to bring that man's blood between me an' me child!"

Impressed by her words and manner the men slowly retired, and still standing with uplifted hand she watched them till the last form had disappeared behind the hedge, the last voice died away in the distance. Then turning towards the interior of the cabin she called Barney, who crept out from his retreat and stood before her, with his face still ashy pale, and his limbs shaking under him.

"Barney Mac," said Honnie slowly, "yer life's in me hands!"

"I know that," he returned submissively; "but—but ye saved me Honnie."

"I did—but av' I was to give wan call even now ye'd be done for!"

Barney looked at her in renewed alarm. Was she playing with him as a cat does with a mouse, and had she appeared to take his part only to prolong his anguish?

"Barney," said Honnie solemnly, "ye were the death o' me only son—"

"Av I was—it was unknowst!" he cried eagerly. "I didn't know he was sick, Honnie—I didn't indeed! I niver thought to do him harm."

"Ye were the death of him, so ye were," she repeated in the same strange, impressive tones. "He was all I had in the worrild—but in the name o' God and for the love o' me child's sowl—I forgive ye!"

From The National Review.

MR. BALFOUR'S "FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF."

BY BENJAMIN KIDD.

THE present writer undertook to review Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" for the *National Review* before he had seen it. As soon, however, as he had read and carefully studied it he found himself in no small difficulty. The book is certainly, in more senses

than one, a remarkable book. It is not the work of an outsider; for despite its modest pretensions, it is written by one well versed in the methods and familiar with the conclusions of philosophy, and by one too, who, whatever may be said of his views, is, on the whole, thoroughly loyal to the spirit in which the best work has always been done in this department of knowledge. Yet with these methods and in this spirit, the author reaches a position from which he does not hesitate to regard the work done during many centuries of European thought in that region of higher knowledge that we call philosophy as for the most part nugatory and obsolete, a position from which he sees the whole field of speculation, mined indeed for truth by the philosophers, but mined unsuccessfully, and now only "cumbered with the dross and lumber of their abandoned workings." The principal substantial gain of their work is dismissed by him in a single sentence; it consists merely in that which they have done towards creating and perfecting the terminology by which the difficulties still before us can be stated.

To adequately review the work of a writer who feels himself thus able to view the many systems of philosophy, down to the latest phase of Neo-Hegelianism in England, in somewhat the same spirit as that in which the student of life regards the monstrous extinct forms of earlier periods — forms produced indeed by life but destined to form no links in the direct chain through which it has descended to later times — would in any case require special qualifications. The difficulty which presented itself at the outset was, therefore, no ordinary one. Nevertheless, it soon became apparent that it was only one of two. For on closely examining the book the present writer could not fail to observe what a powerful reinforcement the argument, if accepted as sound, must constitute of a position which he had himself recently discussed in public, and which he had reached from quite a different point of approach. What, therefore,

was to be done? To have to pose as critic of such a book, and in so doing hail it as a supplement to one's own view, is a position in which no one would elect to be placed. Yet if the writer is to keep faith and usefully speak his mind about the book, he does not see any other way than by, in some measure, discussing it in explanation of a position he has himself endeavored to define elsewhere.¹ Whatever objection the reader may find to urge against such a course his pardon is, therefore, asked in advance; it seems the only possible one in the circumstances.

Mr. Balfour's book has been described as entirely negative in its conclusions. This is no doubt in a sense true. But it will not improbably be seen, as time goes on, that it constitutes a most important addition to a body of very positive doctrine, towards the acceptance of which our times appear to be slowly ripening. This body of doctrine is itself nothing more or less than the direct product of the application of the principles of the Darwinian conception of evolution to human society. Its import, both for philosophy and the social sciences generally, can hardly be fitly described by any other word than revolutionary. But the remarkable feature about it is that it is revolutionary in quite the opposite sense to that at first imagined by either the friends or the opponents of the Darwinian hypothesis.

For the past few decades no observant person can have failed to notice that many of the leading minds of our Western civilization, and more particularly those which have followed the course of that great expansion of thought which the second half of our century has witnessed, have moved in the shadow of a single idea. It seems to have been more or less unconsciously accepted as true that the Darwinian hypothesis had placed the final coping-stone on the scheme of rationalistic interpretation of the universe, and in particular of human history and

¹ Social Evolution.

human affairs. The peculiar and extraordinary feature of the outlook at the end of the century is, however, if the writer does not altogether misread it, that it is already beginning to appear that the principal result of the application of the principles of Darwinian science to human affairs must be, not the rationalistic interpretation of the scheme of development at work in the world, but the final deposition of reason from the central place we had come to assume that it occupied in the process of evolution the race is undergoing. It is not indeed that reason is to be simply discredited; it is rather that it must, with no uncertain voice, be relegated to an inferior and subordinate function. The powers which are apparently destined to emerge from the scrutiny of our time reinvested with all the authority of science as the large, integrating, ever-enduring factors in human evolution are, strange to say, none other than those which this scrutiny was for a time supposed to have finally discredited. Rationalism has appealed to the Cæsar of modern evolutionary science. It is from that Cæsar the verdict comes, a verdict apparently destined to prove as subversive of a position too hastily assumed as any that the theologians in the moments of their highest hopes have ventured to predict.

To those who, from the side of natural science, have already caught a view, however imperfect, of the vast import of the revolution in thought with which we are threatened, Mr. Balfour's book has a significance far wider than any which would attach to the work of a man who, at the present time, should merely propose to add another system to the many with which the philosophers have already strewn the course of thought. It is the first clear and consistent note from the region of philosophy which marks that the keener intellects on that side have also begun to distinguish the nature and the proportions of the impending change. Let us see if we can, in a short article of this kind, get to the heart of what Mr. Balfour has to say.

To those whose lot it may have been to wade through more than one system of philosophy, there is a feature of the book before us which will, at a very early stage, engage attention. The great weakness of modern philosophy to many of us seems to consist in this: If we exclude Mr. Herbert Spencer's synthetic system—in which unfortunately the most important element in the synthesis has been left out—there has, so far reached it no clear message from that new world of ideas which modern evolutionary science has opened up. Many of the younger men, it is true, perceiving from what quarter light is likely to come in future, have begun to turn their faces towards the rising sun. But with the older and the real leaders of thought this has not been so; they still live in the world of Kant and Hegel, and, however much they may temporize with the spirit of the new era, their minds have, so far, received no real impetus from the new knowledge. The distinguishing feature of this book is that it appears to be illuminated throughout from a new source. It is really the first serious contribution to philosophy in England which is the work of a man in touch with modern science, and who possesses a grasp of the principles with which that science is working. It is in applying this knowledge to the world of ideas in which Kant and Hegel lived, and in which the philosophy of our time still moves, that the author breaks new ground. This is the source of that sense of power and grasp which the book conveys to the reader.

Independent of artificial divisions into chapters and sections, it seems to fall naturally into three parts. The first part is strong with a strength which is rare in a work of this kind. Every reader possessing an acquaintance with the subject will feel this for himself. The middle of the book seems to be written in a different vein, but it is also strong. It is in the concluding chapters, where Mr. Balfour attempts to be constructive, that the argument is probably weakest. Mr. Balfour appears to the writer to have

exhausted his message in proving that according to rationalism itself the evolution of society on rationalistic lines is impossible. The attempt towards the end of the book to build a kind of rationalistic bridge from the rational to the ultra-rational will no doubt receive a good deal of attention. But it is probably destined to go the way of all similar bridges in the past. The real significance of the work Mr. Balfour has done would appear indeed to consist in the place it will occupy as part of the proof that there can never exist any real foundations upon which to construct such a bridge. It will be well, perhaps, to consider each part of the book separately.

The nature of the work which Mr. Balfour sets himself to accomplish in the first part of the book may be readily understood. Accepting the conclusions of Darwinian science, as interpreted by rationalism (or, as Mr. Balfour prefers to call it, naturalism), as to the origin of the moral sentiments, he proceeds to show that, for all that large class of obligations which every school of ethics has agreed to consider in the light of duties, there remains not the semblance of a sanction binding on the emancipated intellect. The present writer has rarely read an argument which seemed to him so effectively delivered. There is no suggestion of the method of the religious apologist. There is no question-begging. The author understands the position of naturalism so well, and accepts it, for purposes of his argument, so completely, that he had the singular experience, when the first chapter of the book appeared in detached form in the *International Journal of Ethics* for July last, of being denounced on the strength of it as a convinced Atheist. It is all argument, the drift and force of which will probably come more readily home to the scientifically trained mind than to any other. The work is so thoroughly done that, if the writer is not greatly mistaken, there is revealed in it a depth and meaning, which will eventually reach a much wider circle than that for

which the book is written. It contains a suggestion of unexplored depths of naturalism in real life into which genius in the poet or novelist may yet drop a plummet of its own.

What, asks Mr. Balfour, are these moral sentiments for which so high a place is claimed? According to the naturalistic account of their origin, we have no sanction for thus placing them on a pinnacle by themselves. From the point of view of biology they must be regarded as on the same plane with the most disgusting contrivances, the coarsest appetites, the most calculating selfishness. No essential distinction can be made between these latter and even the august sentiments which cling to the ideas of duty. They are all, when we come to understand the scheme of evolution, nothing more than "devices of Nature to trick us into the performance of Altruistic actions." The emancipated mind has only to follow the matter out to discover that the explanation of the inconsistent attempt which the world makes to ennoble the moral or altruistic sentiments is very simple. The fact is that they have a more precarious hold upon us than the others. In the struggle for existence they are an advantage, not to the individual, but to that product of a later growth which we call society. And so Nature furthers her end by playing upon us the additional trick of leading us to regard the moral sentiments with a kind of admiration which can claim no respect from the discriminating mind.

Perhaps it may be thought that if the analysis is carried further, if the view is extended beyond our selfish desires and advantages, firmer ground will be found. Nothing of the kind. The perfection and felicity of the whole sentient creation may be set up as the object prescribed by morality. But it has become an object admittedly beyond our reach. Nay, the very idea is ludicrous in the light of the naturalistic hypothesis. It is the same if we turn elsewhere. Do we give up the individual? Do we give up the universal? Do we restrict the view

to the race itself, and, like some modern ethical guides, extend it beyond the family, the tribe, the nation, till it embraces humanity? What then? Only the same answer thrust back upon the questioner in a passage, the echoes of which will linger in the pages of English literature.

Man, so far as natural science by itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science, indeed, as yet knows nothing. It is enough that from such beginnings famine, disease, and mutual slaughter, fit nurses of the future lords of creation, have gradually evolved, after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant. We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with individual life, but short indeed, compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal" deeds, death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or be worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect.

Nor, when Mr. Balfour turns from the moral feelings to the æsthetic sentiments does he find anything therein which, on the naturalistic hypothesis, can claim to give any permanent dignity to life or value to effort. What are these æsthetic sentiments? "Mere

bye-products of the great machinery by which organic life is varied and sustained." Who are those who claim to be their exponents? "Poets and artists have been wont to consider themselves, and to be considered by others, as prophets and seers, the revealers under sensuous forms of hidden mysteries, the symbolic preachers of eternal truths. All this is, of course, on the naturalistic theory, very absurd. They minister, no doubt, with success to some phase, usually a very transitory phase, of public taste; but they have no mysteries to reveal, and what they tell us though it may be very agreeable, is seldom true, and never important." The endless controversies which crowd our literature concerning the nature of the beautiful have no significance. Nor have the mutations in the character of æsthetic products, from which they arrive, any importance. "There is no evidence that these changes constitute stages in any process of gradual approximation to an unchanging standard. They are not born of any strivings after some ideal archetype." The cult of beauty, like the cult of morality, goes down alive into the pit. The naturalistic hypothesis has swallowed it up. Its high priests are degraded from a dignity to which they have no claim; they have become the mere time-servers of an ignoble creed, the ringers of the sensuous changes on the far-off echoes of ancestral lusts and utilities.

No one who has closely followed the development of thought in our time, no one who has caught the import of the larger knowledge towards which we are travelling, can fail to be impressed with the insight displayed in these chapters. The argument is delivered in the style which is most effective for the work to be done. It is almost gladiatorial in manner. It is without reproach, without remorse, without sentiment. It is simply directed straight at the opponent's case. Professor Huxley, in his Romanes lecture delivered at Oxford in 1893, unconsciously revealed to us in a striking light the absurdity of the natural-

istic position. Mr. Balfour exposes it in its gaunt crudity. Professor Huxley, after a lifetime spent in expounding the naturalistic hypothesis, found himself driven to try to reconcile the irreconcilable by surrendering his own first principles, in representing the ethical man as the arrester and suspender of the cosmic process, instead of (as a necessity of his own hypothesis) its most perfect and harmonious product. Mr. Balfour sweeps the whole hypothesis away, a suicidal heap of discredited incongruities.

The writer has followed the argument so far with entire assent; it expands and verifies, though by a different mode of approach, the position he has himself taken up, namely, that the principal result of the revolution which began with Darwin, must be to establish as an accepted commonplace of science the conclusion that no sanction can ever be found in human reason for submitting to the process of evolution with which the cause of progress is bound up. Mr. Balfour in these chapters, has practically reached the writer's conclusion that "if man holds this world to be a mere sequence of materialistic cause and effect, and if he possesses the power (as he does) to suspend this process or to escape its effects, it follows with almost the cogency of mathematical demonstration that his own reason can never supply him with any effective sanction for submitting to it.¹ Nay, more, from the side of philosophy Mr. Balfour has taken no small step towards verifying his recent prediction that "it will probably be seen at no distant date that all the efforts of philosophy, hitherto, to discover such a sanction must eventually be placed in the same category with the attempt to discover the principle of perpetual motion. For the one task is rendered by ultimate natural conditions just as inherently impossible of accomplishment as the other."²

It is at this point that we reach what

is perhaps the first weakness in the book. Having, on the naturalistic hypothesis, disposed of morality and the sentiments associated with beauty, Mr. Balfour proceeds, in the same light, to discuss the claims of reason itself. This is done in a series of chapters, ranging from Chapter III. of Part I. to Chapter II. of Part III. That the book itself had been the product of a period of transition in thought, probably no one who would read these chapters, and notice their relation both to each other and to the author's own conclusions towards the end of the book, could for a moment doubt. The inconsistency, for instance, between Mr. Balfour's final conclusions and his attack in one of these chapters on that phase of idealism which the late Mr. T. H. Green represented in England, and which the present master of Balliol has further developed, is so evident that it can hardly escape notice. Mr. Balfour has, it will be said, taken the edge off such criticism by admitting his own conclusions to be merely provisional. This is in a sense true, and he is fully entitled to urge such a justification. Nevertheless, his impeachment of reason in these chapters, which would otherwise remain an exceptionally strong and effective argument (into which the criticism of idealism is fitted in its natural place), is, in the writer's opinion, seriously weakened by the arrangement of the chapters themselves and by the consequent confusion of the main train of thought.

For what, in natural sequence, is Mr. Balfour's next position—having disposed of the claims of naturalism to supply any sanction binding on reason for submitting to the demands which society makes on the individual? Surely, it is to show, as he does show effectively, although in later chapters, that, as a matter of unquestioned fact, reason does not now provide, and never has provided, the forces which hold society together and which make for the progress of the world. After which it would remain to show, as Mr. Balfour does also show, although in earlier chapters, how supremely absurd it is to

¹ Social Evolution, *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1896.

² Ibid.

expect anything of the kind from reason, and more specially to elevate it to the position it is commonly assumed to occupy. For it is, on the naturalistic showing, a faculty dependent on senses capable of receiving but one of a possible million explanations of phenomena, a faculty by which we can never hope to attain to any trustworthy knowledge of phenomena at all, a faculty evolved not for purposes of philosophical research, or for enabling us to understand an infinite universe, but for the ludicrously disproportionate end of furthering our individual chances of survival in the struggle for existence. It is possible that, had Mr. Balfour laid his courses in this order, the structure upon which he erects his provisional conclusions would be better prepared to receive them. Yet this is no serious criticism. The work, in whatever order it follows, has still been done in the book.

Outside of Part I., the most important chapters in the book are the two headed "Causes of Experience" and "Authority and Reason." In these chapters Mr. Balfour discusses the influence, and the real predominance, in society of forces other than reason, which mould and coerce the prevailing opinion of the time. These forces may be said to be grouped together under the head of authority, which he defines as contrasted with reason and as standing for "that group of non-rational causes—moral, social, and educational—which produces its results by psychic processes other than reasoning" (p. 219). Mr. Balfour, in fact, boldly puts society on an ultra-rational basis, and the idea he works out is practically the same as that which the writer has developed in "Social Evolution," namely, that in human history the factors which have shaped the course of evolution have been the influences developed within the great social systems founded on forms of belief providing ultra-rational sanctions for conduct. Mr. Balfour describes the influences under the common head of "Authority;" the social system founded on a form of ultra-rational belief becomes

his "Psychological Climate." To really understand these chapters, as they will probably be understood at a later time, the philosophical student will have to gather up many of the loose threads in the preceding chapters. For instance, he will have to realize the significance of that undoubted historical fact to which Mr. Balfour draws early attention in the book, namely, that the systems of philosophy which the human mind has from time to time produced have really constituted no important element in determining the character of the periods in which they flourished. He will have to grasp also the profound significance of another fact which Mr. Balfour brings out, namely, that philosophy itself is nothing more or less than the expression of the desire of mankind to bring what it already believes and acts upon (and what it will, in any case continue to believe and act upon) into harmony with its speculative reason.

The writer can only follow the train of thought developed in this part of the book with assent. Facts and tendencies, the meaning of which has been for long entirely overlooked, are interpreted with a clearness which leaves nothing to be desired. The enormous influence of the moods of thought developed in these "psychological climates," the manner in which the development of opinion is controlled, and in which reason itself, while imagining itself free, is unconsciously coerced, the parasitic life within these systems of those who imagine they draw their spiritual nourishment from rationalism (this part of the argument appears to be out of its place), are all discussed with a directness and insight which invigorates the reader. That we should consider that reason, and reason only, can be safely permitted to mould the convictions of mankind; that we should be of opinion that by its inward counsels alone, beings, who boast that they are rational, should submit to be controlled, is an attitude of mind which the whole history of the world contradicts. "It is true," says Mr. Bal-

four, "that sentiments like these are amongst the commonplaces of political and social philosophy. Yet looked at scientifically, they seem to me to be not merely erroneous, but absurd."

There are many who are willing enough to allow that authority may be permitted to rule in religion, but who are not prepared to go further. They have not grasped the meaning of history. We have to realize

that it is Authority rather than Reason to which, in the main, we owe, not religion only, but ethics and politics; that it is Authority which supplies us with essential elements in the premises of science; that it is Authority rather than Reason which lays deep the foundations of social life; that it is Authority rather than Reason which cements its superstructure. And, though it may seem to savor of paradox, it is yet no exaggeration to say, that if we would find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation, we should look for it, not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of Authority.

It is not a long step from the view expressed in the last passage to the conclusion, that the distinctive feature of the process of evolution at work in human society is, that the race is growing ever more and more religious.

It is a pity that many of the ideas in the last part of Mr. Balfour's book are not worked out more fully. They are, for the most part, merely suggestive in their present shape. He appears more than once to have reached a clear perception of that great fundamental truth of human evolution, without which we can never understand either history or philosophy, namely, that all religion is essentially ultra-rational, and that there is to be distinguished no law or tendency in religion to eliminate this element. Yet he does not seem to make much of it. He modestly brings out as a kind of after-thought in a note to one of the chapters that great lesson of Christian history which consists in emphasizing this truth. It is a passage of deep historical and religious insight

which the writer hopes he will have Mr. Balfour's permission for incorporating in his own argument under this head in the next edition of "Social Evolution."

The permanent value which the results of the great ecclesiastical controversies of the first four centuries have had for Christendom, as compared with that possessed by the more transitory speculations of later ages, illustrates, I think, the suggestion contained in the text. For whatever opinion the reader may entertain of the decisions at which the Church arrived on the doctrine of the Trinity, it is at least clear that they were not in the nature of explanations. They were, in fact, precisely the reverse. They were the negation of explanations. The various heresies which it combated were, broadly speaking, all endeavors to bring the mystery as far as possible into harmony with contemporary speculations, Gnostic, Neo-platonic, or Rationalizing, to relieve it from this or that difficulty; in short, to do something towards "explaining" it. The Church held that all such explanations or partial explanation inflicted irremediable impoverishment on the idea of the Godhead, which was essentially evolved in the Christian revelation. They insisted on preserving that idea in all its inexplicable fulness.

Mr. Balfour is explaining that the interpretation of the ideas if exhausted by one generation would be alien or impossible for the next; but the meaning is even more profound than this. We are really dealing with an immutable law of human development by which every movement of thought which seeks to rationalize the ideas of religion is from its inception doomed to wither and die.

Coming after the first part of the argument, the attempt which Mr. Balfour makes towards the end of the book to span the interval which separates definite belief from mere negation, seems to the writer relatively unimportant as a contribution to philosophy. To explain why this is so is to criticise the book, not in detail, but as a whole. If it were asked what is the distinguishing feature of Mr. Balfour's book the correct answer would probably be, the penetrating in-

sight with which the author has discussed the facts and tendencies of thought in our time. On the other hand, an important deficiency of the book consists not improbably in a certain lack of grasp of what may be called the permanent principles underlying the phenomena discussed. At many points in the book one feels something of this. Let us take an example. When Mr. Balfour discusses authority, the "Psychological Climates" which it tends to produce, and the subordination of reason therein, he has a very clear perception of the facts themselves. Yet he does not appear to be equally clear as to the import of the conflict which is carried on within these systems between authority on the one hand and reason on the other, how it enables us to understand the laws regulating the development and decline of the systems themselves, and how all the historical phenomena, religious, moral, social, and political, which the social system or "Psychological Climate" produces can be stated and understood in terms of this conflict.

Again, where he discusses what beyond all doubt would, to a detached observer, present itself as a central feature in human history, namely, the spectacle of philosophy ever attempting (and ever failing in the attempt) to bring that which mankind already believes and acts upon into harmony with its reason, Mr. Balfour does not make it clear that he has reached the meaning of this curious phenomenon. A test question may be put to him in this relation. Why is it, for instance, that although, as he correctly tells us, our philosophical systems have never really constituted any important element in determining the character of the periods in which they flourished, philosophy itself has nevertheless always occupied such a high place in human estimation? The book contains no explanation.

Yet the explanation is simple when we understand the underlying principles. The fact is that the process of evolution at work on the race is devel-

oping *both* our reason and that type of character which consents to submit reason to the guidance of authority; the cause being that the exercise of reason is, next after the willingness to submit to authority, the highest cause contributing to social efficiency. But in order to understand the ever-continued effort of philosophy it is necessary to keep in view what happens. As the result of this constant cause at work in society ever tending to allow the fullest possible scope to reason, there is necessarily produced a continual crop of inquiring intellect which tends to press against the barrier which separates the domain of authority from that of untrammelled reason. It may be noticed how it is along the zone between these two positions that all the systems that the world has agreed to regard as the highest philosophy have taken up their position. The effort underlying all the accredited systems is the effort to reconcile the two conflicting sets of claims. The existence of the systems marks, in fact, a certain deference which we pay to reason. *But solely and exclusively because of the predominance we necessarily allow it in other matters.* The task of reconciliation itself is an absolutely impossible one.

The systems with which philosophy strews the course of human thought accordingly arise, have their day, and pass discredited away as knowledge itself grows and changes. And if it were possible ever to regard any of them from an entirely detached point of view it would not improbably be seen that it has always tended, from the nature of the case, to award, alike to the worst as to the best of them, a meed of praise for which there would really be no intellectual justification.

If we are, therefore, to judge Mr. Balfour's conclusions on their merits, it is necessary to remember that with larger knowledge we are likely to understand that, from the circumstances of the case, religion can gain nothing from attempts to explain it in terms of reason, or from efforts to buttress it from the side of philosophy. Such

efforts are from the outset, by fundamental conditions of the case, foredoomed to failure. The whole history of religious apology, no less than the history of philosophy, is a standing record of the uselessness of such attempts. From Butler and Paley to Schanz, every religious apologist has been ultimately driven back to a position beyond which Mr. Balfour has made no real advance. "Is not natural reason," asks Schanz, "incompetent to prove the truth of supernatural revelation? Must, then, the defence, which is acknowledged to be necessary, be set down as impossible or illusory? So it would really seem." The apologist, he tells us, "knows full well that a religious idea of God, even in its most general form, is unattainable by metaphysics." But he adds that, "conscious of the right of the human heart," he feels he cannot neglect metaphysics. There we have the effort to compound with reason. What the time has come to learn is that the sources from which religion draws its strength render it entirely independent of any assistance from the side of philosophy. It is a law of human evolution that religion will continue to be so. The unification of all belief into an ordered whole, compacted into one coherent structure under the stress of reason is an ideal which Mr. Balfour confesses himself unable to abandon. But the principal contribution which his book makes to knowledge, consists, nevertheless, in bringing into view from the side of philosophy the great truth which we are approaching from the side of science, namely, that there is no philosophical creed, as there is no religious creed, which can be harmonized under the supremacy of reason.

If it were worth while to endeavor to realize the future we might not improbably come to see that the philosopher himself is the product of a transition stage of development. No conclusion of evolutionary science seems to the writer likely to be more firmly established than that the future belongs to those sections of the race amongst

whom will be found, not the functions of religion harmonized under the sway of reason, but the functions of reason harmonized under the sway of beliefs providing ultra-rational sanctions. Philosophy would in this light represent, not so much a permanent want of the human mind, as the expression of a kind of mental habit in races where intellectual qualities and qualities contributing to social efficiency were both alike highly developed, but in which the true equilibrium between these qualities had not yet been attained.

From The Speaker.

ARGON.

THE Council of the Royal Society did well to hold an open night for hearing the important communication upon argon, the newly discovered constituent of the atmosphere. The reading public is now acquainted with the principal properties of this peculiar gas, and with the course of patient investigation which led Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay to its discovery. It is now time to inquire into the significance of the discovery, and the interest it possesses not only for scientific men, but for that larger body of people whose education in this country is still mainly literary, and not scientific.

The authors of the discovery have shown that the inactive residuum of the air which remains after removing oxygen and the smaller quantities of carbonic acid and aqueous vapor, does not consist wholly of the elementary gas, nitrogen, but contains also in no small quantity another gas, which is also inert in its chemical behavior, but which differs greatly from nitrogen in its specific gravity, being heavier in the proportion of twenty to fourteen. The volume of the new gas is more than one one-hundredth part of the volume of the nitrogen; it appears to constitute, in fact, about one per cent. of the volume of the whole atmosphere. The authors were led to this discovery by Lord Rayleigh's observation that nitrogen gas prepared from

ammonium salts, nitrous oxide, or other chemical compounds was, bulk for bulk, one-half per cent. lighter than "atmospheric nitrogen," or that part of the atmosphere left after the removal of oxygen, carbonic acid, and aqueous vapor. Which result, if either, was to be regarded as the true weight of the gaseous element nitrogen? The lighter gas, prepared from chemical compounds, was found to be free from any admixture of hydrogen or other light gases which would lower its specific gravity. The electric discharge proved powerless to lower the specific gravity of the gas, as would be expected to happen if its lightness had been due to a partial splitting up of the molecules. The conclusion appeared to be that the greater weight of the gas derived from the air was the abnormal result, not the lower weight of the gas prepared from chemical compounds. In other words, the inactive residuum of the air contains something *heavier* than nitrogen gas. It may well be asked how it could happen that the new gas has lain hidden from our ken till now, seeing that chemists have told us for more than a hundred years past that they had found air to be composed essentially of only *two* gases. A ready answer, but not quite a sufficient one, is that argon is inert, and not apt to put itself in evidence by acts of chemical energy. In this respect its character is similar to that of nitrogen. "You can't see nitrogen," said a schoolboy; "it doesn't smell, and it won't explode. I call it a duffing gas." So is argon, only more so; but this is not the sole reason why it has been so long confounded with the nitrogen with which it is admixed. More than a hundred years ago (1785) that careful worker, Frederick Cavendish, expressly guarded himself against the assertion that the inactive part of the air (or, as he termed it, the phlogisticated part) was wholly composed of the gas which unites with oxygen to form the acid of nitre. He says: "If there is any part of the phlogisticated air of our atmosphere which differs from the rest, and cannot be reduced to nitrous acid, we may

safely conclude that it is not more than one one-hundred and twentieth of the whole." Unfortunately, the discovery of the nature of the chemical elements led to the *naming* of the phlogisticated part of the air. It was called nitrogen, and want of exact knowledge was hidden by precise nomenclature. What Cavendish showed was that ninety-nine per cent. of the phlogisticated or inactive part of air consisted of the gas which combines with oxygen, under influence of the electric spark, to form a substance which, in its turn, unites with potash to produce nitre. The remaining one per cent. he does not pretend to be certain about. One per cent. is sufficiently near for a first approximation; such results must be *provisionally* accepted if progress is to be made, but as soon as experimental methods have sufficiently improved the experiments should be repeated, to see if the original results are the crude expression of a *loi mathématique* or if they express a *loi de limite*. Many of the results obtained by the earlier chemists were subjected to revision (and for the most part were confirmed) by the great Belgian chemist, Stas. Owing to difficulties of constructing the required apparatus, Stas left unchecked some of the earlier experiments upon nitrogen, the repetition of which might have led him to the discovery of argon. Lord Rayleigh's well-known work on the relative densities of the elementary gases was intended, we believe, to check the conclusions at which Stas arrived about the relations between atomic weights. This research has incidentally led him and his coadjutor, Professor Ramsay, to revise a portion of the work of the early chemists. It would be difficult to mention any modern work in chemistry of greater scientific value than the revision of first approximations undertaken by Stas, and more recently by Rayleigh and Ramsay. In all such cases the critic is tempted to say that the work of revision should have been undertaken sooner, and that we ought not to have been so long content with the first approximation. It has been well said

that it is in the investigation of residual phenomena that important discoveries in the physical sciences are nowadays most often made. There are newly discovered "laws" in chemistry and chemical physics which have so far only been shown to be true to a first approximation. The discovery of argon may, perhaps, be an encouragement to the more rigid investigation of the fundamental experiments upon which these "laws" have been based. But, as travellers know, pioneering is more attractive than surveying, and there is a deal of human nature left in scientific man.

The authors have been successful in preparing fairly large quantities of the new gas by repeatedly passing air (freed from oxygen, moisture, and carbonic acid) over strongly heated magnesium until all the nitrogen is taken up by the magnesium. The density of the pure argon was determined by weighing it in a glass globe, and the results obtained varied from 19.7 to 20. In other words, if a given bulk of hydrogen weighs one, the same bulk of argon has a weight between 19.7 and 20, the weight of the same bulk of nitrogen being almost exactly fourteen. What part does the new element play in the economy of the every-day world around us? It is present in vast quantities, one part in every hundred parts of the air we breathe, gallons of it in every room. M. Jourdain talked prose all his life without knowing it. We have breathed argon all our lives and never knew it. Do the molecules of argon remain forever idle denizens of the air, or do they, like the molecules of nitrogen, of oxygen, and of carbonic acid, pass through a transmission of bodies, as constituents of minerals, plants, and animals? It seems unlikely that the higher animals should have the power of directly assimilating argon. Nitrogen we know they cannot take up from the air. In the mineral world one experiment has already been tried with negative results. Professor Roberts Austen calculates that one thousand cubic feet of argon are passed through the molten

metal in the charge of a bessemer-steel converter. He has made the steel give up its combined or occluded gas, but no argon was found. The nitrogen of the air is with difficulty brought into chemical combination. The electric spark, indeed, makes it combine with oxygen slowly and, as it were, reluctantly. Argon, under these conditions, does not combine with oxygen. The chief agency by which nitrogen is brought into the cycle of chemical combination and recombination appears to be the action of bacteria associated with the life processes of plants. And this is the age of bacteria. The nimble microbe is as potent a factor among the agencies of science as the little Japs seem likely to become among the peoples of the world. Professor Ramsay appears to regard the new element as a sort of chemical Topsy; he "guesses nobody can't do nothing with" argon. He has tried the violent methods of heat and strong chemicals. Perhaps the bacteriologist, with gentler methods, may yet show that argon does not stand aloof from the ceaseless changes of living forms around us, in which so active a part is played by the other gases of the atmosphere. V. C.

From The Spectator.

ANIMAL ETIQUETTE.

It has been noted that the etiquette of high life is by no means the only form of its observance among men. There is such a thing as professional etiquette, — the etiquette of sport, and even the etiquette of labor. This sometimes takes the form not only of prescribing who shall do what, but how things shall be done. It would be very bad form, for instance, for a bricklayer to use more than one hand to work with, or for his "laborer" to carry up bricks or mortar in anything but the traditional "hod," though it might be far quicker and easier to haul them up in a lift. Animals seem to share this feeling for the etiquette of labor; only, as they do not belong to a trade-union, it often works entirely to their disad-

vantage. Take, for instance, the following case of the otter at the Zoo, which, on the Saturday on which the great frost began, had just been provided with material for a new bed. It was freezing hard; half its pond was covered with ice; and the nice, warm, dry straw was pushed partly into its house, while part of the bundle lay on the bridge, and some in the water. In order to make itself comfortable, all the otter had to do was to step out of its house on to the bridge, and pull the dry straw in. There was plenty for a bed without meddling with that in the water at all. But it is not permitted by otter etiquette to do any work on dry ground which can possibly be done in the water. Like most of the etiquette of labor, this is based partly on prejudice, but partly on sound principles. A waterman, for instance, prefers to push a plank into the water, make it fast to his boat, and tow it, rather than carry it on his shoulder, even if the way by land is shorter than that by water. In the first place, it would be unprofessional, just like a "docker's job," to carry it; and in the next, the water supports the plank, and he really incurs less labor in towing it. So has an otter less labor in transporting material it can drag when floating. Unfortunately, in this case the material was one in which weight made no matter, and in which dryness was essential for it to be of any use, that is, for a bed on a frosty night. This did not weigh with the otter in the least. Instead of pulling the straw in dry, it plunged into the icy water, dived and came up on the side of the bridge on which some of the straw was dipping into the water. It swam along and collected as many of the hanging ends as it could in its mouth; then dived back *under* the bridge, and dragged all the dry part of the straw into the water, having considerable difficulty in doing so, because it was hitched over the edge of the bridge-plank. It then pulled all the dripping straw into its bed, rushed out, took another plunge, and collected another mouthful, which it pulled into the water, and swam off with it as

before. After seven visits it had collected the whole of what was lying on the plank, had wetted it all thoroughly, and was preparing to go to sleep on it inside its house,—a proceeding which almost induced rheumatism at sight among the spectators. But the otter was quite satisfied. It had acted according to rule, and been true to amphibious etiquette, down to soaking what were to be its bed-clothes for the coldest night of the year.

The common American "'coon" is a slave to an unusual form of etiquette, which in its case has grown almost beyond the forms of conventional observance, and become a kind of conscience to it. It will *wash* everything which it eats, if there is any water near. The fact seems to have been questioned by some writers, but it is certainly the habit of raccoons when kept in captivity with access to water. They are very fussy, particular creatures, much given to picking up and carrying off anything odd which takes their fancy. And this, whatever it may be, is duly taken to the water and well "rinsed out," whether vegetables or bits of cloth, or even solid hard things, like shells and shiny stones. No "social pressure" can have been put upon the raccoons at the Zoo to make them conform to the laws of the 'coon etiquette; but they do so all the same, and it is a fact that, last spring, one which had a litter of young ones, to which she was much attached, was suddenly seized with a desire to wash them, and carrying them down one by one to her little stone-bath, paddled and washed the poor little creatures as if she had been washing cabbages. It may be doubted whether the kittens did not owe their death to this perverted feeling of social duty in their parent, for they did not long survive their immersion. Those who have watched the Thames swans in the courting-season will have noticed that, as might be expected, these grave and stately birds have certain rules for behavior which no temptation can make them break. When approaching a lady swan, or pursuing a rival which has

intruded into its particular reach of the river, the cock swan has certain set movements which it goes through. It is said that the word of command for action in the Chinese drill is first, "Prepare to look fierce;" next, "Look fierce;" and, thirdly, "Approach the enemy." The swan does all this, and something more. He sets up his wings like plumes, and draws his head very far back, which corresponds with the first and second words of command; but for his mode of approach he always uses a special stroke in swimming which is kept for grand occasions. He strikes the water with both feet together, which sends him forward with a rush, the water rippling from his chest as from the prow of a ship. Then he strikes again, as his "way" gets less, and in this manner will swim very long distances, either in pursuit of his enemy or of some coy female swan. If he chose to swim in the ordinary manner, or to fly, or even to get out on to the bank and run, he would have no difficulty in overtaking the other. But etiquette prescribes that this slow and stately stroke shall be used on such occasions, and swans are too conservative to break the rule.

Conventional rules are most useful in intercourse with strangers, and this feeling, the result of deliberate reflection among men, seems quite as well understood by animals. The number of steps which a prince or ambassador might advance to meet the other without derogating from his dignity, and the frequent halts and bows, find a parallel in the amusing form of canine etiquette, when one dog "spies a stranger" at a distance. The first dog stops short, then trots on a little, then crouches, and finally lies flat down, with its nose on its paws, like a skirmisher ordered to open fire on the enemy. The other dog which was less quick-sighted, sometimes lies down too, but more usually trots slowly up, with occasional halts. The action of the first seems clearly to be a survival of a time when a dog naturally crouched in order to conceal itself the moment it

saw any other creature which might hurt it, or which, on the contrary, it might want to stalk. The sudden drop is something like that of a setter when "creeping" up to the birds, but more like the crouch of a fox when it sees a hare, or wants to conceal itself from persons whom it sees while it is still unseen. But now it is observed as pure convention, one which is obviously mere show, but to omit which would be a breach of canine etiquette, which might, and sometimes does, lead to a fight. It is not polite for one dog to omit the form of pretending that the other is a big, strong, important person, against whom he must take precautions. The etiquette of combat is apparently among the most artificial of human observances. It does not seem to take form except in states of society in which public and private war has been recognized as one of the conditions of life, in which fighting becomes not only a fine art, but an agreeable pastime for persons of quality. Hence the elaborate salutations of the duello, and the punctilio of the fencing-school. "Shall I begin with a 'damme'?" asks Bob Acres, when writing his challenge. And his demur to the plain "Dear Sir," on the ground that he was not asking his rival to breakfast, seems to plain people rather natural. Yet some of the creatures which are fighters by instinct go through formal preliminaries not unlike those of the set duels of the Middle Ages. The early phases of the cock-fight were so well known as to provide materials for series of illustrations, in which the birds appeared as acting by rules well known and recognized by the "fancy;" and even a single combat between a ferret and a rat is conducted in its early stages with curious reticence and a recognition of rule. The rat, always on the defensive, sits up on guard while the ferret runs to and fro, often approaching so near as almost to touch the rat. Both parties then draw back most politely, as if they begged each others' pardon for the accident; and this is repeated several times, each appearing to ignore the other's presence,

until the ferret makes its spring, and the two engage in a furious wrestle, in which the rat is not unfrequently the victim. This is quite different from the conduct of the lobster in "The Water-Babies," who held on to the otter's nose "because it was a point of honor with lobsters never to let go." That there is an etiquette of demeanor among different species of birds will have been noticed by all who have fed them during the hard weather. Some are always assertive and forward, like the robins and sparrows; others, which are equally familiar with man, are as diffident and reserved, the hedge-sparrows being perhaps the most noticeable examples. Why this rule of behavior should be constant in a single species is difficult to conjecture. The late Mr. Booth reaffirmed from his own observation the truth of the old belief that every bird, such as the crows and ravens, withdraws from its meal at the approach of the eagle, just as the carrion-birds do before the king-vulture. But the strangest instance of etiquette in dealing with royalty is that observed by bees when a strange queen is introduced into the hive. Sometimes the first queen is allowed to fight the rival. If not, the other bees will kill the intruding queen, not by stinging it, but by suffocation,—a death only reserved for royalty.

From The Speaker.

AFTER THE SIEGE.

THE siege of the frost is over. The ice-bound gates of our beleaguered city have been thrown open and the sun has brought relief to the starved inhabitants. It was a cruel siege whilst it lasted, and not cruel to the poor alone. The old and the weak in every condition of life suffered actual torments from the common enemy. What the ill-clad, ill-fed, badly housed suffered is known only to God and themselves. One shudders at the thought of it. In nearly every household, too, even in respectable plutocratic South Kensington and aristocratic Mayfair, there were

some humiliating miseries associated with the frost that are hardly to be recalled now without a certain loss of self-respect on the part of the sufferer. It was an ignominious moment for thousands when the fatal announcement was made that "the pipes were frozen," that no kitchen fire could be lighted and no dinner cooked, that no bath was any longer attainable, and that misery, discomfort, and dirt had invaded the ordinarily irreproachable household. Then it was that we began to feel that solidarity of our race which a common misfortune begets. The men at the clubs were almost as truly representatives of the great unwashed as the men in the streets; and the few dishes that could be cooked at the pokey fire in the housemaid's pantry brought home to numbers the extreme simplicity and fewness of the absolute necessities of existence. Yes; it was undoubtedly a time of gloom and suffering everywhere—such a time as one might imagine the great city would pass through if by any chance a real siege were to be laid to it by a human foe. The very errand-boys laden with parcels in the streets conveyed to us a sense of what we were all suffering. Boys are, as a rule, the pluckiest as well as the most wholesome of mortals. It cannot have been any common misery that made some of them weep aloud as they tried to warm their poor frozen fingers at their lips in those bitter early days of February.

And now—it is still February; to be strictly accurate, Sunday, the 24th—and as I sit in the room with the southern aspect that commands a great stretch of winding coast-line, and a still vaster expanse of pearl-grey sea, I find I must shift my seat in order to escape from the rays of the sun, the heat of which is more than I care to endure. The magician's wand has been waved, and I am looking out upon a changed world. Ten days ago it seemed to one's faithless heart that "the great annual miracle" had been put off forever. Day after day the frost, and the cold, and the water-famine. Night after night the icy blast, that somehow

or other forced its way even into the warmest of sleeping chambers. Surely heaven had forgotten to be gracious, and we were doomed to a permanency of suffering that was well-nigh intolerable. So thought the faithless and despairing. Yet all the time the west wind was on its way to us, fighting for our relief as Havelock's glorious column fought for the salvation of Lucknow. The east wind—enemy of mankind—fought bravely in its own evil fashion, and for four mortal weeks more than held its own against its gentler assailant. But it is gone now, and for the moment the siege is raised, and the breath of spring is in the air. Up in the north, in certain grey towns which I know well, and in some valleys hidden among the moors, that I know still better, the change has probably not come yet. But here, on our warm south coast, we seem to have been plunged into a sudden summer. What a walk was that this morning, across the splendid downs, where patches of snow still lie, and over ridge after ridge, until Beachy Head was gained, and I looked across the Channel basking in the sunshine, and on the long line of coast on either hand glowing in the same glorious light! The larks were singing a song of joy for the passing of the cruel frost; the rooks were cawing in their immemorial elms; even the withered grass seemed to be starting into new life. It was only the hum of the insects that one missed. For them the resurrection has not yet come. But if the ear lacked the drowsy whirr of the grasshopper, or the hum of the bee, it found something to satisfy it in the continuous murmuring of the sea upon the beach below us. Here, in a sheltered corner, when good people were coming out of the churches and airing their best gowns and smartest bonnets in the unaccustomed sunshine, it was almost painful to sit in the full blaze of light, and winter coats and wrappings were laid aside—incautiously perhaps, and prematurely most certainly. But who could think of the bleak days which still lie between the world and June on such a day as this,

when for a moment the iron grasp of winter had been loosened, and the world was filled with the joy of the springtide.

It is not merely an external joy. Year by year it finds readier access to the hearts of all of us as we grow older and draw nearer to the time when for us, as for others, will come the night which is to know no morrow. In youth it is autumn with its tender beautiful tints of decay, and its holiday season of sports and pastimes and travel that appeals most closely to the heart. But by and by few of us can go through those bright crisp autumn months without feeling the shadow of winter in the air—of winter which is the sworn foe of those who have gone far in the march of life. Then it is that our love for the spring acquires fresh strength, and that we allow even a passing day of untimely warmth and sunshine to fill our souls with joy—joy that is accentuated by the memory of the miseries from which we have so recently escaped. Here is the sun again, we say to ourselves; and he has not lost the virtue he had in former years. He still fills the world with light and warmth, and draws forth the songs of birds and the sweet scents of field and woodland. Why were we so despairing but yesterday? Why did we deem succor so far off, and steel our hearts in sullen resentment, dreaming that God had forgotten to be gracious? The life of another year has begun; and from these first beginnings it will move forward, as nature has ordained, through the stately sequence of springtide, summer, and harvest, of bird, blossom, and fruit—each wonderful in its own way, and all beautiful exceedingly.

After such a season as that from which we have just escaped, we have some graver thoughts to occupy our minds than these joyous anticipations of the future. When the siege of the city has been raised, those who have survived count the number of the slain. Alas! that is a duty that falls upon us also. The cruel, nipping frosts, the vicious, death-like fogs,

have not passed over us and left us unharmed. These last few weeks have taken from us more than their due proportion of those whom we lovde. To us it has been given to see the sun again, and to feel his power. But to others, who once loved the springtime as much as we do, this boon has been denied; and for them the time of sunshine and sowing is forever at an end. If anything can make death sadder than it commonly is, it must surely be death in winter. "Let us die in the daylight," is the oldest of human

aspirations. Let us die in the sunshine and warmth of the summer, with the fulness of nature's life enveloping us on every side, rather than in the cold, cruel night of winter, is a wish that must have been formed in millions of human hearts, and that must often have found secret expression during that dismal siege of winter from which we are at last escaping. — *Postscript.* To-day (Feb. 25) the east wind is back again, and the world is once more grey. But for all that, the rigor of the siege has passed, and spring is on its way.

THE CAMPHOR LANGUAGE. — One of the strangest languages in the world, used for the queerest of purposes, is the "camphor language" of Johore, a country of the Malay Peninsula. It has lately been studied and reported upon by Mr. Lake, an English engineer in the service of the sultan of Johore. This language is called the "Pantang Kapor," or camphor language, and is used by the natives and all others who are engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor-tree, and only at that time. If they used either of the languages of the region, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, the natives believe that they could not obtain any camphor; and for a most curious reason. The camphor-tree, *Dryobalanops camphora*, grows abundantly in certain parts of the peninsula, but only occasionally contains camphor crystals. The camphor is not the same as that obtained from the camphor laurel of Formosa and Japan, which is the source of the ordinary camphor of commerce. It is of a sort very highly prized by the Chinese in the embalming of their dead, in incense, and in medicine, and the gum brings much more than the common camphor. The Malaysans and other Johore natives believe that each species of tree has a spirit or divinity that presides over its affairs. The spirit of the camphor-tree is known by the name of Bisan — literally "a woman." Her resting-place is near the trees; and when at night a peculiar noise is heard in the woods, resembling that of a cicada, the Bisan is believed to be singing, and camphor will surely be found in the neighbor-

hood. But the spirit of the camphor-trees seems to be jealous of the precious gum, and must be propitiated, and if she knows that hunters are in quest of it, she will endeavor to turn their steps aside. So it is necessary to speak in a tongue which she does not understand. For this purpose the "camphor language" has been invented. It consists of a mixture of Jakun and Malay words, but these are curiously altered or reversed; and the natives possibly believe that the divinity of the camphor-tree is completely confused. The Jakuns who hunt the camphor are one of the wildest of people, but inoffensive. They live, together with monkeys, dogs, cats, innumerable fowls, and perhaps a tame hornbill, in perfect harmony, under movable leaf-shelters built on poles in the woods.

"Life among the Jakuns."

BRICK-DUST MORTAR. — The use of brick-dust mortar as a substitute for hydraulic cement is now recommended on the best engineering authority, experiments made with mixtures of brick-dust and quicklime showing that blocks of one-half inch in thickness, after immersion in water for four months, bore without crushing, crumbling, or splitting, a pressure of fifteen hundred pounds per square inch. The use of brick-dust mixed with lime and sand is said to be generally and successfully practised in the Spanish dominions, and is stated to be in all respects superior to the best cement in the construction of culverts, drains, tanks, or cisterns.



Hope for Consumptives.

The cure or recovery from Consumption is partly a matter of temperament. Hope, courage, habit of exercise and proper clothing are absolutely essential to recovery. Then comes the question of nourishment. This is not a matter of medicine. You have got to have a fat food that is easily assimilated, and you have got to have it continuously, so that the excessive wasting can be stopped and a process of repair commenced.

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